

JOHN BULL

VOL.
LXXVI
1985

3rd
EVERY
THURSDAY

**CLEAN
THEM
UP!**
by The EDITOR

**E-BOATS
WERE
GREATEST
MENACE**

**THIS
FATEFUL
SUMMER**
by A.G.G.

My goodness-



There's nothing like a
• Guinness after
a hard day's work



G.L. 1722/6



*Why War Time Dishes
need*

MARMITE

We are a well-fed nation in war time, but nobody will deny that rations can at times seem rather dull. Make meals more interesting with Marmite. Use Marmite in all stews, soups, meat and vegetable pies and other dishes. It's savoury, it's appetite-provoking and it adds real nourishment, for Marmite is concentrated extract of Yeast, which provides vitamins of the B group.



Ask your grocer for MARMITE



COCOA
still unrationed

● Can be bought everywhere

- Costs only 9½d ½ lb tin
- Nourishing and satisfying
- Makes household milk taste delicious
- The food you never have to queue for

**CADBURY'S
BOURNVILLE COCOA**

How to make CHOCOLATE COOKIES

2 oz. Fat, 2 oz. Sugar, 1 Dried Egg (dry), 1 level tablesp. Cocoa, a little Milk and Water mixed, 4 oz. Flour, pinch of Salt, 1 level teasp. Baking Powder, few drops Vanilla Essence

Cream fat, egg and sugar, Add flour mixed with baking powder, salt and cocoa. Mix to soft consistency with milk and water. Put into greased patty pans and bake in moderate oven 15-20 minutes.



*Electricity
is the
pulse of
production*

In the aircraft factory, at the munitions worker's bench, in the ship-building yard—wherever the materials of war are shaped or shipped—Electricity is the first vital essential. That is why **WE MUST SAVE FUEL TODAY.**



FOOD FACTS

TO EVERY MOTHER WHOSE CHILD
HAS A GREEN RATION BOOK

**WHY even healthy
children need cod liver
oil and orange juice every day**

Every child young enough to have a green ration book—no matter how well he is—should still have cod liver oil and orange juice every day, if he is to have continued health in later years.

For firm, strong bones and resistance to colds

Cod liver oil, containing Vitamin A and Vitamin D, develops a child's resistance to infections (especially colds and "chesty" complaints). It also helps the body to build calcium, which is needed for strong, sturdy bones and the prevention of rickets.

For all-round health

Orange juice, containing Vitamin C, is needed for the child's general health. Such troubles as peevishness, tiredness, lack of vitality, skin trouble, and—later—spongy gums, are caused by not enough Vitamin C in the diet.

It isn't enough to depend on the occasional orange you can buy at a shop. Your child needs orange juice every day. The orange juice provided by the Govern-

ment scheme gives children the juice of six oranges every week.

Important in Summer too

Every normal child should be able to take both orange juice and cod liver oil without any coaxing. And remember, children need them in summer as well as in winter.

There are over 10,000 distributing points all over the country where these foods can be obtained. Find your nearest one, and do your utmost to arrange to collect your child's cod liver oil and orange juice or have them collected regularly.

SOME HINTS on how to give cod liver oil and orange juice

1. Babies should have cod liver oil immediately before the feed. Start at 1 or 2 months. At first give only a few drops two or three times a day. Don't give orange juice or cod liver oil mixed with the bottle feed.
2. From the age of 6 months onwards a normal child should be having his full requirement of orange juice and cod liver oil every day, as directed on the bottle.
3. Ask your doctor or clinic for advice if you are in any doubt or difficulty.

NOTE: You can get your supply at any convenient distributing point. You don't need to go to the same one every time.



LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT ON TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

Issued by the Ministry of Food, London, W.1 Food Facts No. 207A

How Milly Solves her Shoe Problem...



Milly's shoes are always smart
Always to her work she hikes it!
Milly's feet are never tired—
She simply walks because she likes it!
Milly's shoes—they last so long,
And keep their comfy feel;
For on each shoe of Milly's is
A Goodyear Sole and Heel!

Although Goodyear Soles and Heels, like so many things, aren't always obtainable just when you want them—it's so well worth while waiting

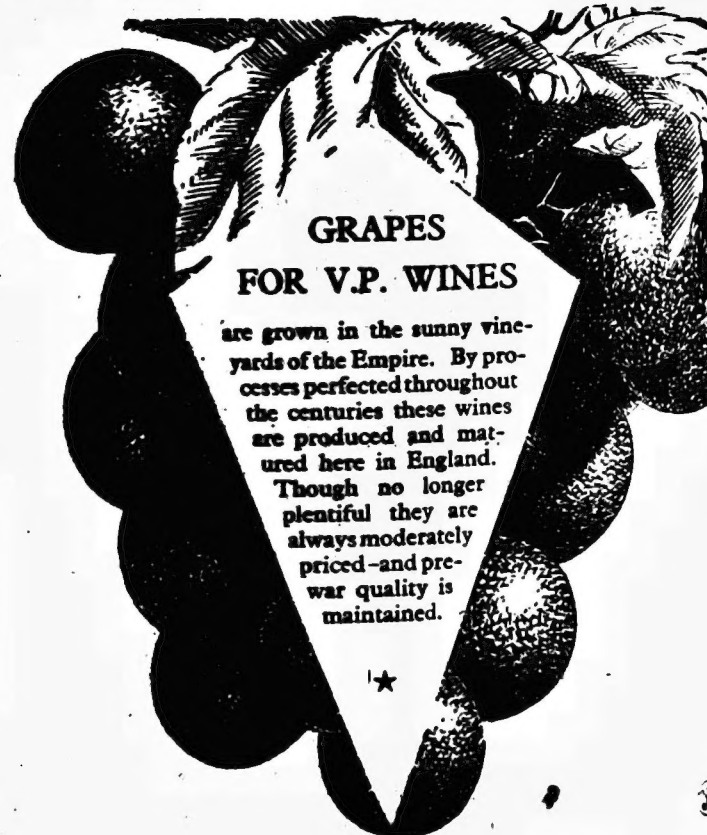
for them. They not only make shoes last longer, but they help retain your shoes' good looks. Remember, ask your repairer to 'fit Goodyear'!

GOOD YEAR
SOLES & HEELS

For Men, Women and Children

PARK DRIVE

for
pleasure



GRAPES FOR V.P. WINES

are grown in the sunny vineyards of the Empire. By processes perfected throughout the centuries these wines are produced and matured here in England. Though no longer plentiful they are always moderately priced—and pre-war quality is maintained.

V.P. WINES
POINT BRAND

RICH RUBY ★ SWEET WHITE ★ BRITISH SHERRY **6'3** PER BOTTLE

Vine Products Ltd., cannot supply you direct, so please ask your usual supplier

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 1, 1944,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."



Straight from the Shoulder

LOOKING AHEAD

GREAT events are pending. Normandy, as President Roosevelt has indicated, is but the beginning.

Sertorius, the German military spokesman, suggests we may invade the Pas de Calais to stop the flying bombs. And that suggests a trap.

Eisenhower is hardly likely to be lured by so obvious a bait.

Hornet's Nest

He must be well aware that the Calais area is the best-defended in Western Europe. The enemy is so convinced that we shall attack it that, it is reported, no troops have been moved from it, even to help hard-pressed Rommel.

If we do invade that coast, we must expect heavy losses.

But Calais is not the only area the enemy must watch!

Closing-In

To strike with maximum force from several directions is plainly the Allies' intention.

The enemy, who talked of "encirclement" in peace, now knows the meaning of that word in war.

And he must suspect that the Allies' plans have been framed to draw the circle tightly with the utmost possible speed. In other words, to get the war over quickly.

Fuel of War

Obviously, we could not do so by fighting all the way from Normandy to Prussia—though, so far as France is concerned, the possession of Cherbourg should enable us to ensure the overwhelming of Rommel.

As effective a way as any will be to hit the enemy where it hurts most: his oil stocks.

This Year?

Drain Germany of oil by the autumn, and the war should end before Christmas!

Already, as you have noticed, our bombers are striking hard at the refineries and reservoirs.

Rommel's Tactics

These assaults have a direct bearing on the land fighting in France. For Rommel is using oil at a prodigious rate.

He has, we may estimate, some 800 tanks in action. (We have more, many more.) But he is having to use them in defence instead of guns. And he is using them in piecemeal fashion because of the shortcomings of his infantry.

Going Down

There is no doubt about the state of his infantry. Apart from a few divisions, it is not of high quality. We can be grateful that its cream was poured out on the Russian soil. And it is not enough in quantity to meet the enormous

potential at Eisenhower's disposal.

In all France, the Germans have some sixty divisions. A large force, certainly. But it will be heavily outnumbered by Allied armies.

One Division

In Italy, Kesselring, too, is at a disadvantage. He needs three or four more divisions to be able to hold a firm line.

Though the German High Command recently sent him one from Belgium, it can hardly spare him any more. And Alexander is hardly likely to give it much time to see what may happen in Western Europe.

In a Hurry

For Alexander is a man in a hurry. His worst enemy has been the weather, unbelievably foul for an Italian summer.

The Germans, having thrown all their equipment away, have been able to move faster than our heavier transport. Otherwise, Alexander would have captured many more than the present toll of 30,000 prisoners.

Disorder

None the less, he is moving with almost frightening speed. Frightening, because we remember how Auchinleck fared when he ran ahead of his supplies in the Western Desert. But, because of the enemy's utter disorder, Alexander is not likely to suffer that fate.

Thousand a Week

The further north he goes, the more effective help he will receive from the Italian partisans.

Probably they will number 400,000 in all. Many of them are fighting valiantly already—and suffering severe casualties.

And the assistance provided by the Middle East air forces has set up new records despite the weather. It is nothing for them to destroy a thousand vehicles a week!

Exit Finland

Again, the Russian drive into Finland has furnished a new example of speed and tactical skill.

To sue for peace is the Finns' only hope of survival. It is lucky for them

that Stalin is not vindictive; in any case, he has bigger fish to fry.

Biggest Ever

On the central and southern sectors the enemy faces the greatest offensive ever mounted by our Russian friends.

In fire-power, as in man-power, the Red Army is superior to the biggest counter-attack the enemy can launch. Moreover, the bulk of the *Luftwaffe* is securely pegged down far from the Russian front.

The Gestapo Way

But, whatever the state of the Germans' morale, they still fight doggedly. They must. The *Gestapo* is at their back.

Fresh proof of *Gestapo* ruthlessness has been provided by Mr. Eden's unemotional but horrifying statement on the murder of fifty Allied airmen, a crime that must be requited when the enemy has been defeated.

False Move

Certainly the German civilians can no longer be in good heart. Goebbels was foolish to raise false hopes throughout the Reich; a thousand bombers roaring over Berlin with fighter cover was sufficient disillusion for those who had been misled by his extravagant lies.

Nearer to Tokio

From the Far East the biggest news is the heavy damage inflicted on the Japanese fleet.

But it must not eclipse the American victory on Saipan. That island offers a new base for the bombing of Tokio. On it, 300 Japanese aircraft have been sent crashing within a week. And its capture will neutralise enemy naval strongholds in the area.

Big Task

But in China the Japanese capture of Changsha is an unpleasant reminder of the huge task on which the Allies are only just beginning.

Some American commanders estimate that it will take two years to defeat Japan. There is no reason to accuse them of unjustified gloom.

Gone in Smoke?

So demands on our man-power will not decrease in the near future. They are indeed increasing.

Thus, it was thought a few months ago that we had enough supplies of our war essential to last us fifteen years. Yet already its production has to be resumed!

Grand Fighter

New weapons, too, entail extra work. The German flying bomb and the operations in Normandy have given fresh scope for the R.A.F.

We should spare a thought for

ACID DROPS

● Rescuers sweated as they toiled to release victims of a flying bomb. Then arrived the Chief Regional Fire Officer. He took action at once—to see that a fireman's tunic should be properly buttoned up. What was he before the war—a tailor's dummy...?

* * *
Mr. Lyttelton's slip of the tongue was foolish. But his explanation was frank. In future perhaps other Ministers won't blame newspapers for their own blundering utterances. Perhaps...

* * *
The Government may have forestalled Beveridge by its full-employment proposals, but it's still a long way behind him on Social Security...

* * *
As for Admiral Lord Keyes and others who think it fashionable to decry the Peace Ballot, maybe they've noticed that the millions who signed in favour of restraining aggressors didn't hesitate to fight when the need arose. And they've fought pretty well....!

the shelterless crews whose balloons bring enemy aircraft crashing down near by; and we can be grateful that the new British fighter, the Tempest, is ready to tackle the flying bomb.

But it may be that the enemy is working on another device. If so, new demands will be made on our factories. And our own secret weapons entail quite a lot of overtime.

Suggestion

Somehow, then, more workers must be found for the factories and railways.

● Could not Civil Defence be further pruned in northern and western Britain?

Land Compromise

Not one but many questions will need to be asked by the Opposition concerning the Government's land policy, manifest at last in a Bill and explanatory White Paper.

To examine it in detail here would occupy too much space. And, in fairness, the intelligent citizen should examine it for himself before accepting our verdict of Patchy, Inadequate and Disappointing.

That done, he may wonder if some Ministers have liked it so little as to threaten resignation.

Cart Before Horse

By now, most people have had time to consider the Government's attitude to the location of industry, a subject allied to that of land.

They can therefore judge whether JOHN BULL is fair in regarding it as a ripe example of putting the cart before the horse.

New Industries

For how can the location of industry be planned until the nature of future industrial developments has been established?

There will be new industries after the war. We shall undoubtedly see plastics, coal-chemical substances and other recent inventions greatly extended. Surely these trends should be considered when discussing the post-war location of industry!

Wide View Wanted

Besides, it will not suffice to dump down a few new industries in those districts which were once called Depressed until a squeamish Whitehall labelled them as Special Areas. There should be a central authority to regulate industrial growth on a national basis.

Our statesmen should think again.

(Continued overleaf)

AIR RAIDS!

JOHN BULL offers a Free Air Raid Insurance (underwritten at Lloyd's) to Fire Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, Home Guards—in fact, to every civilian reader.

Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER—Continued from preceding page

THE flying bombs, far from sending Southern England into a panic as Goebbels pretended, have shown how staunchly we stand.

The unnerving mystery about these hideous appliances did not last long because the Government very wisely told us all it could. The people were asked to face the new terror and see it as one of the last pieces of Nazi nastiness.

All Were Ready

Reaction has been superb. There's been little interference with war production. The few hold-ups have been due to curiosity. We all wanted to see what the beastly things were like.

The Civil Defence workers have been ready whenever they have been needed. And, especially pleasing to JOHN BULL, the local authorities got quickly on to the job of finding homes for bomb victims and repairing the blast damage.

Quick Work

In some areas roofs have been patched up within a few hours and the homeless have been found accommodation without delay.

It all shows what we can do in emergencies. And it shows what we could do if our post-war plans were regarded as emergency measures instead of stuffing for Whitehall's pigeon-holes.

And an Example

Cannot some of the energy and efficiency spent on the care of a few hundred bomb victims be turned to the advantage of a few millions? If we can tackle the small incidents of war so magnificently, why cannot we tackle its wider issues? The housing and the health of the people.

Blurb Again

In this rather anonymous area, Southern England, we have not noticed that any special trains have been arranged for civilians, though there may have been some excuse for travel.

But a Macclesfield (Cheshire) paper announced the other day that two specials would be running to Blackpool and a third to North Wales. On another page an advertisement from the Railway Executive Committee carried the usual blurb about not travelling.

Less Free Travel

Incidentally, it might be reasonable just now to suspend the cheap or free travel facilities which the railway companies extend to the families of their employees.

A move in this direction would be especially timely in view of the recent cut in cheap travel for the wives of Servicemen.

Saving Their Feet

Two or three other travel topics. . . A London bus driver on the 144 service tells us that unnecessary stops are still wasting countless gallons of petrol.

In Angel Road, Edmonton, there are two request stops and two sets of traffic lights in a hundred yards. Often the buses get all four stops. At another point drivers have to make two stops instead of one to save passengers a thirty-yard walk.

Special Trip

An alderman in South London reports that a local council official took a corporation car and chauffeur to Yorkshire

where there was a course of gas instruction.

The mileage in the log-book was 656 miles—a journey that might well have been done by rail. Without any special train.

Wear and Tear

It all makes about as much sense as the "Halt" signs which the county authorities have put up in a certain area of Leicestershire.

Sticking rigidly to the "major road" principle, they have had signs put up so



But not all road signs are so well placed

that vehicles approaching cross-roads, either up or down hills, have to stop. Vehicles running along the level roads can go ahead at speed. Apart from the petrol and rubber waste which it involved, this arrangement has already caused collisions and fatal accidents.

What's Essential?

In contrast to all this, here is a case of very doubtful economy. It happened

in a big town in the Midlands when 300 or 400 soldiers who'd been wounded in Normandy arrived at the station.

The hospital authorities asked a private firm for two ambulance men to help to get the wounded into the wards. The firm refused because they were on essential work.

Subsidised

A neat little ramp is being practised by one or two of the larger milk retailers in the Midlands. They have a coupon system. Customers must buy coupons weekly or monthly, surrender a coupon with the empty milk bottle in return for their morning supply.

On the face of it this saves debt-collecting and extra clerical work. It also provides the company with capital for nothing. Poor people may not find it easy to pay a week or a month in advance. But they cannot change their supplier.

Warned Off

A reader who's been a deep-sea fisherman for twenty-six years has been suspended for a year because he's alleged to have fished in restricted areas. He denies this.

We cannot question the decision of the Port Fishery Committee without the fullest evidence. But we can question the wisdom of depriving the country of this man's services at a time like this.

Doubtful Gift

And we can question the good taste of a certain woman who has been doing her bit by knitting for the Forces. A prisoner of war in Germany received a personal parcel containing a sweater which she'd made. Her name was enclosed and he wrote to thank her, using one of his month's issue of cards for the purpose.

Back came the retort: "I'd intended that sweater for someone on active service."

Is the Buzz-Bomb Hitler's Maddest Blunder?

HERE is the story of how Hitler's obsession with the "Secret Weapon" shook the German war machine out of gear. How, eventually, it spells his doom.

Its characters are men whose names are unknown abroad and hardly familiar to the mass of the German people: Erich Mueller, designer at Krupps (of Big Bertha fame), Wilhelm Werner, expert on aero-engines, and others who have played a bigger part in the German armaments industry than is generally realised.

They are responsible for Hitler's conviction that Germany has discovered a war-winning weapon—a terrifying, silent, pilotless bomber which can shatter British towns and carry confusion into the camps of the invasion armies.

They explained that the adoption of this glorious weapon would revolutionise German war production, that mass production would have to be devoted to these new weapons instead of the bombers and fighters, the Messerschmitts and Junkers and Heinkels, which gave Hitler the initiative at the beginning of the war.

Hitler was obviously fascinated. His sense of the mysterious received a stimulant. Here, he thought, was the new weapon of which he dreamed, the instrument of revenge and retribution, the

winged vanguard for a German victory which had so far eluded him.

Goebbels was called in even before the production experts examined the plans. And Goebbels did not wait for their verdict, either, but began the greatest propaganda campaign which he ever launched.

★ ★ ★
"The Secret Weapon Will Save Germany" was the slogan by which he hoped to maintain the morale of his people at home and the troops in the front line.

True enough, a revolution in German war factories followed. Designers of tried and tested war machines shook their heads. Heinkel, Junkers, Messerschmitt produced their own arguments.

But nothing could change the Fuehrer's mind. Let the German troops in Italy, in Russia, even in Normandy go without fighter protection. Abandon all thoughts of blasting Britain with fleets of high-powered, accurate bombers!

At last he seemed near the realisation of his fantastic plans. The complicated installations, to which had been devoted many hundreds of thousands of man-hours, were ready. The operation could begin.

Then—the Allies spoilt the original design. They launched the invasion of Europe. They threatened the bases from which the missiles, with their limited range, could be launched.

Hitler's advisers urged him to hurry.

BEHIND THE NEWS

● Flying bombs which fell on Southern England in the first week of the terror campaign were less in tonnage than the weight of explosive dropped on Coventry in a single night.

● There's a strong underground organisation at work in Paris in complete co-ordination with Allied Command. It's expected to help greatly in a drive on the French capital.

● Germany bombed from Britain, Italy and Russia. And soon from Finnish bases, too, the Russians expect!

● Date for all-out war against Japan has been put forward six months. War production progress has made it possible.

Last Tribute—

Back to Blackpool for a moment, where the editor of the local evening paper has done an admirable thing. He's drawn attention to the case of Trooper John Kimberley Owens, aged twenty-three, of the Royal Armoured Corps.

Owens was mortally wounded in Normandy and died in Southampton. At some expense his parents got their son's body to Blackpool. They wanted to bury him at Carleton Cemetery. And the Blackpool Corporation demanded £15 for the grave.

—To Trooper Owens

A cheaper alternative was offered—£5 15s. for a grave in a less noticeable part of the cemetery. Owens was a regular soldier. He gave his life for his country. He wasn't allowed a military funeral.

They laid him to rest on the last day of Blackpool's "Salute the Soldier" week. Perhaps it's all right to congratulate the authorities on raising more than two millions.

And he struck. We have seen what has happened. The new weapon is about as efficient as his bombers were in 1940.

They have not, as the Nazi pundits predicted, paralysed the Allied invasion forces; they have not, as Goebbels hoped, deprived the British people of the will to fight.

But they have more than halved the German output of fighters and bombers! Now the Nazi armies must fight without air cover so that Hitler can have his fling with the not-so-secret weapon.

Now they must die and yield ground so that a few of Hitler's buzz-bombs may fall on the South of England.

Now they must retreat towards the frontiers of Hitler's Inner Fortress so that Goebbels can say he kept his promise.

That way, the German High Command knows, lies defeat.

Experienced German generals, more than anyone, know there is a defence against the buzz-bombs, even if Britain's scientists should fail to repeat their achievement when they defeated the magnetic mine.

★ ★ ★
They realise that it cannot be long before more French bases of the "pilotless planes" will be in Allied hands.

Then they will have perhaps a couple of thousand of these contraptions on their hands and no real planes with which to protect their troops. And Germany's fate will be sealed.

WILLI FRISCHAUER

CLEAN THEM UP!

FOR reasons of national safety the State has been obliged during the war to supervise—or even to supersede—local government in various ways.

Many local authorities resent this "encroachment" by Whitehall, and a movement is afoot among them to safeguard their post-war status.

Now JOHN BULL believes in local government as a useful and important part of our administration; but we must never go back to purely local control of matters which affect the whole community.

For instance, the parish pump is hopelessly inadequate for fire-fighting, and it would be manifestly foolish to scrap the National Fire Service when peace returns.

Even before the war many lives and millions of pounds' worth of property were lost because local brigades could not cope with certain fire emergencies and absurd local rules prevented neighbouring brigades from giving help in time.

The N.F.S. must stay, and nobody with any experience of civil defence can doubt that Mr. Morrison was right to make A.R.P. a national rather than a local organisation.

The position is not quite so clear when it comes to some other extensions of State control, and the White Paper on milk supplies has brought matters to a head.

The Minister of Agriculture, concerned solely to supply the whole country with clean milk, had stiff opposition to meet in the recent debate in the House of Commons.

But he rightly refused to abandon his scheme for central control.

Hitherto, indeed, local officials have found it exceedingly difficult to insist upon regulations, designed to keep herds healthy and ensure cleanliness, because so many local farmers sat upon the councils which they served.

We sympathise with farmers; it is only human nature to resent control of one's own business.

Nevertheless, we must face the fact that the Government's proposals to take over the supervision of milk production throughout the country must involve the appointment of more departmental officials to the exclusion of local authorities.

And Whitehall's latest move to appoint rodent officers to fight the national pest of rats and mice must also subtract from the powers of the councils.

We do not advocate the abolition of local government, but we are certain that it should be limited and cleaned up. What's best for the nation must be the guiding rule.

IN many instances, both before and since the war, local authorities have been found deplorably lax.

The recent inquiry at Newcastle before Mr. Rowland Burrows, K.C., dispelled ugly rumours of corruption, but left the public with the suspicion that there are too many "little Hitlers."

And we can recall many instances in the past where councillors have been proved to make use of ratepayers' property for the special benefit of themselves and their friends.

Public opinion has also been shocked by revelations in the two-day inquiry by the National Arbitration Tribunal into the case of a deputy town clerk dismissed by the Finsbury Borough Council.

In this instance it was alleged that an alderman used his influence on the council to procure the dismissal of this official from his post, and that, during the past eight years, fourteen other officials had lost their jobs for the same reason!

The Tribunal, sitting under the chairmanship of Mr. Justice Simonds, held that the deputy town clerk had loyally carried out his duties to the ratepayers and ordered his reinstatement.

But the alderman has neither been relieved of nor resigned his position, and instances of alleged intimidat-

tion of officials are reported from many parts of the country.

This sort of bullying clearly ought not to be tolerated any longer. Security of tenure should be given to all local officers, and, at the same time, their pay should conform to a national standard.

At present there are disgraceful and notorious discrepancies, and many a good man has been refused a well-deserved rise because he has offended some local big-wig.

The truth is that under present conditions there are too many local authorities and that numbers of them wield more power than they can effectively exercise or finance.

And JOHN BULL supports the broad view of the Labour Party that the first step towards cleaning up local government should be for the Government to survey the whole country and parcel it out anew into major and minor areas of control.

Certain urban and rural authorities might have to be amalgamated to this end, but the general idea would be to preserve the principle of democratic local government while arranging as far as possible for equality of revenue among the various councils, and, above all, equality of service to the ratepayers.

This would necessitate national standards, and—to that extent at least—State control of the essential services.

Gas, water and electricity supplies should be made available to the entire community at uniform rates.

Whatever local control were retained, every authority should be required to conform to a national pattern in regard to housing, education and health services.

And the State, as we have already argued, should continue in final control of such things as the fire service, clean milk supplies, and pest extermination.

Apart from these matters of truly national importance, we believe it is wholesome for citizens to share in the management of affairs in their own districts, and we have continually stressed the importance of local politics.

If local government has fallen into some disrepute, if there be mismanagement of local services and wasteful expenditure of local funds, the ratepayers themselves are largely to blame.

For all public administration tends to deteriorate when voters will not bother to keep a watch on the politicians they return to office or even to use their votes when they are dissatisfied with them and their works.

The ideal at which our people should aim is uniformity in the public services they require and equality in the cost of them.

It is grossly unfair that residents in one district should be less well served than their neighbours in the next parish, or that rates should be sky-high in a "depressed area" and very low in a prosperous town.

Yet it is right that citizens should pay for whatever local amenities they think desirable in addition to the standard services which should be available to all at standard rates.

Local government has played and can continue to play an important part in our way of living. We do not want any needless interference with it or any avoidable extension of State control.

But unless the abuses to which it lends itself are avoided and unless it submits to the complete overhaul and reorganisation which the times demand, it will forfeit the respect of the community and gradually lose even those powers which it could usefully retain.

Officialdom Has a Heart

THE husband of Mrs. Violet Kirton is fighting in Italy. Perhaps he was actually in battle the other day when his wife and three children—aged from two to eight—were being evicted from home.

It had been their home for nearly three years. It consisted of rooms in what was formerly the Western Hotel, on Western Hill.

The bailiffs were sympathetic. But they had to do their duty under a possession order granted by a county court judge.

And the Kirton's furniture and personal goods had to be dumped into the street.

Why was such drastic action taken against a soldier's wife? Well, she had not paid her rent for several months.

She had indeed deliberately withheld the rent—because, she complained, some of the electric fittings were faulty, and for a long time the Kirton home had been without electric light.

★ ★ ★

While Mrs. Kirton was lying ill, one of her children caused a fire in trying to light an oil lamp. She had to leave her sick bed to put out the flames—an action which aggravated her illness.

And when she left hospital after eight weeks, the possession order had been made against her.

For a time she and her children were given shelter in a friend's house. But their presence caused overcrowding; Mrs. Kirton had to leave.

★ ★ ★

Though she had written to her former landlords stating that she would not return, lack of other accommodation induced her to go back to her old home at Western Hill—a home in which she had technically become a trespasser.

Then came her humiliating ordeal of eviction.

But the story does not end there.

The town clerk of Durham, Mr. G. R. Bull, is an energetic man. Directly the plight of the Kirton family was brought to his notice he used his housing powers.

First he requisitioned the premises from which Mrs. Kirton and a second family had been evicted.

The second family was moved back that same night!

Then he requisitioned another dwelling for Mrs. Kirton and her children. They, too, were able to move in before nightfall.

The town clerk's prompt action was later confirmed by the city council's housing sub-committee.

★ ★ ★

To JOHN BULL, this is something more than a local matter. It should be of interest throughout the country.

Because, frankly, many a council is making the war an excuse for inaction. Evictions? Overcrowding? Homelessness?

They admit the existence of these evils.

"But there's a war on, you know. Can't get labour or materials. We'll just have to wait till things get back to normal."

They do not admit that the war has given many of them quite a selection of fair-sized houses—and power to requisition these as temporary shelters for the homeless.

For it is an example of humane and speedy action that many another council badly needs to follow in housing affairs.

If every local official were as public-spirited as Mr. Bull, there would be little reason to criticise local councils and no reason at all to transfer some of their powers to Whitehall!

BRITAIN'S HOME FRONT ARMY

DEAR WORKERS.—Now, at long last, you are seeing some tangible results of months and years of sweat and toil.

More than that, you can take quiet and justifiable pride in the knowledge that your labours helped to ensure the success of D-Day, and are still the mainspring behind each fresh advance of our lads in France and Italy.

Mr. Bevin has praised you for delivering the goods. He has revealed that an eleventh-hour demand for secret weapons provided an unexpected test for the final phase, but you were ready for D-Day.

There is nothing exceptional about you.

You are just the ordinary men and women of Britain who have got down to a job of work and have done it as well as you know how.

There have been patches of trouble now and again in certain sections of

industry. But, speaking generally, you have forged steadily ahead without interruption for the day when our armies of liberation would strike.

Your willingness to labour on in the common cause is described by Mr. Bevin as "unprecedented in history." And I have little doubt that when the story of the war in terms of industrial production is told your output per head will surpass that of any other nation.

The Government appreciate that without your help, especially that of the women, D-Day would never have dawned. After the war that appreciation must be shown in a practical manner.

One such way in which the Government can act is to adopt some of the recent findings in the Industrial Health Research Board report, which declares that machines should be made for men; not men adapted to machines.

A better layout of machinery is recom-

mended; and the report suggests that more attention should be paid to the adapting of machines and tools to the capabilities of the worker.

But to remodel factory planning is not enough.

D-Day must spell more than the final defeat of Hitler; it must also mean an overhaul of the industrial machine.

At present, it seems, your reward to come is a problematic quantity. All of you wonder just what such an overhaul may bring; and, in addition, you speculate as to the reforms that may come.

Speculation is not enough. You will, and must, have a say in the industrial scheme of things to come. Out of the sturdy vitality which has, through you, kept the war machine functioning so well, you must produce new ideas and new standards. It's up to you!—JOHN BULL.



Rt. Hon. Viscount SIMON,

Chairman, Royal Commission on Population

DEAR LORD SIMON.—Soon evidence will be pouring into your Commission from all parts of Britain bearing on the problem of Britain's declining birthrate.

Views already in your possession indicate that people are having fewer children because of some fear or other—of unemployment, of war, of housing difficulties, of financial burdens.

This war is aimed at dispelling from the minds of the nation fear of want and fear of hunger.

But only bold, constructive statesmanship can rid lower paid wage earners of that economic fear which arises in so many homes when parenthood is discussed.

It is early yet even to conjecture what the results of your endeavours will be. But I'll warrant that when the mass of evidence is sifted and analysed, the material at your disposal will throw some startling sidelights on the social and economic troubles that beset most British homes.

It will be up to you then to suggest ways and means of solving those troubles.—JOHN BULL.

Alderman C. R. GILL,

Chairman, Bristol Housing Committee

DEAR ALDERMAN.—Your stand on behalf of mothers and expectant mothers whose landlords or landladies are serving them notice to quit because of their children has my unqualified approval and support.

"Stay put," you advise these persecuted women.

It is sound advice, but it does not put an end to the petty annoyances to which the mothers are subjected.

But I'm glad you have pointed out that nobody can evict these women without first applying to the court. And I feel sure that no judge would make such an order unless the need for the accommodation was genuine and urgent.

This disgraceful state of affairs is not a matter really for local action. However sympathetic municipal leaders, such as yourself, may be, the law remains the same; and the landladies and landlords, their eyes on increased profits, will carry on their persecution.

Parliament is the proper place for this issue to be thrashed out.

Mothers and mothers-to-be have a bad enough time in "digs" at the best; nothing should be left undone to ensure that they are undisturbed in their homes, such as they are.—JOHN BULL.

Open Letters

Rt. Hon. Colonel J. J. LLEWELLIN, M.P.,

Minister of Food

DEAR COLONEL LLEWELLIN.—Your Ministry continues to function admirably.

No one goes hungry. The country is content with its rations. But why, oh why, must this splendid record of achievement be spoiled now and then by avoidable and stupid blundering?

I expect your attention has been already drawn to complaints from farmers that thousands of gallons of milk are being wasted in East Anglia.

Lorries, say the farmers, pick up churns outside farms and rush the milk to depots. But much of it is sour by the time it arrives, so it is returned to the farmer to be thrown away.

For the sake of your Ministry I hope that the picture is not so black as reports paint it. Waste of milk and transport, at a time when every scrap of food and drop of petrol are vital, is distressing.

It would be still more distressing if it continued. What about shaking up your Milk Director and risk his going sour on you?—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT—By PALLAS

TO WRITE OR NOT TO WRITE?

IT is a common practice among writers, especially those who are not without conceit, to exaggerate the importance of what they term their "fan mails."

A dozen letters an article are magnified into a hundred; and a hundred letters, whether of approval or disgust, become "a torrent."

I have never written a letter in my life to a newspaper, a magazine or a periodical. Not that I believe letters to the Press to be ineffectual. On the contrary, they serve as a barometer; and on them an Editor or a writer measures that great mysterious factor called public opinion.

My post has not caused me much concern in the past. It has, in the main, been a civil enough affair. Letters from elderly ladies, young mothers and people anxious to serve, have formed the bulk of my mail.

★ ★ ★

But recently—probably because I have dared to discuss with some frankness certain controversial matters—I have noticed a new, vigorous trend in my readers' letters. That's all to the good. I welcome their frankness as a sign of sincerity and sympathy.

Here is a phrase I admire. It is taken from a letter with a London, W.C.1, address; "Frankly, your article made me sick and I came reluctantly to the conclusion that you

were but pandering to the public in your turn."

This lady was referring to my recent article on the Church of England clergyman who had refused to marry a girl because she was supposed to be suffering from tuberculosis.

★ ★ ★

When I wrote that article, I never thought of the public; nor had I any idea of what public opinion was. I wrote impersonally, trying to assess the greater issues involved. In doing so I offended some readers.

So what?

The Editor of this paper is kind enough to give me, within reason, a freedom to write what I think and feel.

So when my antagonistic lady (London, W.C.1) ends her letter with the words: "And, by the way, who are you to assure them (the young married couple) that God's blessing came to them in the Baptist Chapel?" I can assure her that that was my feeling.

If the Almighty is an observer of sects and schisms, and holds the divine balance in favour of one creed against another, then it's time we called a halt to the thing we know as religion.

I don't answer all letters.

Some are too obviously written to get under my skin. But the newspaper skin is tough and it would be a remarkable letter that pierced it.

Rt. Hon. Lord SELBOURNE,

Minister of Economic Warfare

MY LORD.—The Government's proposal to bring forward, once the Education Bill is passed, a regulation to provide that the right and duty of the citizen to defend his native land shall be taught in the schools, suggests that in the past the nation has not been fully aware of this obligation.

You must agree, in view of Britain's record since 1939, that this assumption is incorrect.

Mr. Churchill, in 1940, was not "shooting a line" when he said we would fight on the hills and the beaches, in the streets and the towns.

The flow of splendid volunteer fighting material both for the Services and the Home Guard proves just how deeply the average Briton feels about the country he loves.

That love—it is deeper than patriotism—is not instilled in him; it is born in him; and it is part of his national heritage.

The Government may be wiser than I. If it wants to go ahead with its proposal, let it do so.

But I still think it's trying to "gild refined gold."—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HUGH DALTON, M.P.,

President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR.—The revelation that since the war about 100,000 small shops have been closed should renew attention to the whole problem of a balanced retail trade.

The cause of these little men who plough lonely furrows in the fields of industry or commerce is dear to me.

In the past I have praised them as symbolical of British individuality.

I know that many of them had a tough time in the years of depression.

I know that many of them were victims of the last war who sank their gratuities and savings into those businesses.

The shopkeeper, as against the shop manager, is part of the British way of life and living.

He is a personal link between producer and consumer. And in the old days his courtesy and ungrudging service were extended to all who patronised him.

It would be a sorry day for this "nation of shopkeepers" if the one-man business vanished from the scene.

But even after the war there will be need for a licensing system to ensure that the tragedies of last time are not repeated.—JOHN BULL.

E-Boats Were the Greatest Menace

—Says A. J. McWHINNIE, Naval Commentator and Broadcaster

CROSSING to France on D-Day with the first assault forces, I was more anxious about mines and E-boats than I was of shore batteries, bombers or U-boats.

It was clear that the bombers could not compete against thousands of fighter planes covering us.

Shore batteries were being bombed and blasted one by one.

U-boats which cannot escape in the deep broad waters of the Atlantic stood little chance of survival in the English Channel, which is only 200 ft. deep.

But I could not help feeling as we crept towards France yard by yard that there might be some new type of mine a few yards ahead, and that E-boats known to be based on Cherbourg, Le Havre and Boulogne must be whistled up to challenge our coming.

Didn't Begin to Fight

We know now that, in fact, the Germans had no unbeatable mine. Our scientists had beaten their German opposite numbers in the ceaseless mine-and-counter-mine battle of wits.

And after making five return trips to France since the first crossing, apart altogether from four tours of the coastal areas in a roving commission destroyer, I have yet to find my first anti-invasion E-boat.

That does not mean to say that neither mines nor E-boats had any successes. But their successes have been negligible.

It is too early yet for us to know what exactly was happening along the Normandy coast when we were steaming up. There seems to have been chaotic confusion at the E-boat bases. At any rate, they did not challenge our passage.

By the time the E-boat men had clear orders it was too late for them to cope with the measures we had taken to defeat them.

After making three return trips to France with the veteran destroyer *Versatile* I crossed over one night to the Cherbourg peninsula with the frigate *Stagner*. We were going to test the mettle of the E-boats in a battle royal.

We were going to prove that a combination of brains and courage, apart altogether from new weapons of detection and destruction, could reduce the menace of the E-boat to our vital supply lines.

We resorted to Nelson's old weapon—close blockade.

Motor torpedo-boats went in first, keeping non-stop patrol through the night right inshore around Cherbourg, inside the harbour of which we knew there were nests of E-boats ready to attempt a break-through to our main shipping lanes or to our French coast anchorages.

Behind the M.T.B.s were frigates, one of which was the *Stagner*.

And behind the frigates were destroyers keeping outer watch.

It was 11 o'clock when the Germans sighted us. There is no doubt in my own mind that they picked us up first with their detectors.

Shore Guns Tried Hard

The next moment we were being shelled by the six-inch and four-inch guns of the enemy coast watchers. It wasn't pleasant. German gunnery has shown great improvement during the past two years. I've been shelled many times in the Straits of Dover. But I've never flinched so often as I did that night.

It went on intermittently right through the hours of darkness. Of 200 shells fired from the coast, 100 came uncomfortably close to the *Stagner* and the nearest M.T.B.

Each shell sent up ten-foot splashes as it hit the sea. Our decks were drenched. We were straddled twice.

Each time the commanding officer of the *Stagner* thought the shells were falling dangerously near he would get through on the ship's telephone, asking "Everyone all right aft?"

And the answer each time would be "Everyone O.K., Sir. But very wet."

There was no doubt about the intentions of the Germans. They tried with all their guns to force us to withdraw. So long as we stayed on our close inshore patrol the E-boats could not come out. Without coming out they could not attack ships steaming along "Liberation Lane," as we call the swept channels between Britain and the Normandy coast.

But we stayed on our station.

One M.T.B. was so close to the shore a look-out said he was within spitting distance of the coast. We got a signal from him saying he was being heavily shelled. Someone asked me what the hell he expected—confetti?

That M.T.B. later sent us an incredible signal. It was six words: "Am about to engage enemy breakwater."

Next afternoon, back at a British port, I met Lieutenant David Curry, of the *Isle of Arran*, commanding officer of that particular M.T.B., and heard the inside story behind his signal.

Out on Capers

One of the German coastal watchers switched a powerful searchlight over towards the M.T.B. He focused. One could almost hear him giving the "Achtung", warning ashore.

"I knew at that moment," said Lieut. Curry, "that there was only one thing to do. I had to fight them back, however big their guns."

"So I fired with my gun down the beam of their own searchlight and put it out."

"Then I had a few cracks at the breakwater itself. I didn't expect to wreck the place. But I wanted to have as good a looksee as I could for future reference. I expect I'll be over there a good deal. I sent up a starshell to see what I could of their fortifications."

"I felt at the time that the Jerries were telephoning frantically for instructions from higher-up, because there was a definite delay after I scored a hit on their searchlight."

"By the time another searchlight was switched on I had done what I intended



M.T.B.s come safely home from an E-boat hunt off the Norman beaches

to do and had disengaged. But there is no doubt that we had the enemy worried."

You could not have much closer blockade than that!

But even Nelson, the greatest blockader of all time, used to say quite cheerfully that he could not prevent an occasional enemy ship from coming out on "capers." The position to-day is just the same as it was then. Some E-boats have been coming out on "capers." But the Allied naval net is far-flung. And what on D-Day would have been described as the E-boat menace is now considered merely as the E-boat nuisance.

We have had a four-pronged anti-E-boat campaign in operation off the French coast.

These are the four points in that plan:

(1) Allied bombers attack E-boats at their bases. No fewer than ten were destroyed in a single raid on Le Havre.

(2) Our biggest warships shell those bases.

(3) Close blockade of the bases with M.T.B.s, frigates and destroyers.

(4) M.T.B.s, frigates, destroyers and M.L.s are out on constant patrol seeking any E-boats which may have sneaked through the net. On one of these precautionary patrols a single M.L. beat off ten E-boats.

We are not out of the wood yet, even

though our losses in warships, landing craft and freighters have so far been negligible. But we have made greater progress in obstructing German counter-measures than many of us dared to hope for.

Admiral Karl Doenitz—German naval chief—was already stamped as a failure before D-Day dawned. If his boasts about U-boats had materialised there could never have been a D-Day.

For Ever Famous

So many things have happened which he had deemed impossible.

I don't believe for a moment that he expected half a dozen battleships to show up to bombard the French coast in such narrow, dangerous waters. I don't believe he thought the E-boats might fail.

Whatever may be happening on shore the German military machine must be blaming the German navy for utter and hopeless failure.

And one of the greatest lessons emerging from the landings is that sea-power, welded with air-power, must triumph in the end.

The Navy's part in the present struggle has slipped back from the front pages of the world newspapers. The land and air battles make the headlines.

But the Navy's part in the liberation of Europe will be in the world's history books for ever.

He Fell Out of a Flying Fortress

STAFF-SERGEANT JONES fell out of a Flying Fortress hurtling through the mist at nearly 200 miles an hour, smashed into a Somerset moor—and lived to tell the tale.

In telling it, he picks as its greatest horror his momentary belief that he was dead and in hell.

The Fortress was on its way home, with others, from a trip in which they pestered the U-boat pens at La Pallice, and it was getting dark when they recrossed the English coast.

Perhaps the altimeter was out of order. Anyway, the 25-ton machine—roaring through the mist at nearly 200 miles an hour and presumably many thousands of feet up in the air—suddenly hit the tops of two hills in rapid succession, and bounced up like a gargantuan tennis ball.

Staff-Sergeant Jones, as the second bump jerked open the escape hatch in

the rear turret, was slung out into the cold, damp world of mist.

He was still hanging on to his gun grips, but his body was being flailed on and off the fuselage by the fierce wind of the great bomber's erratic passage.

★ ★ ★

Staff-Sergeant Jones, reflecting grimly that this was his thirteenth trip, stuck it just as long as he could. Then he let go.

At the time, he was under the impression that the crashes he had felt were collisions with other Fortresses of the formation, and that he was still way up in the sky.

So he lay back fairly comfortably in space, allowing himself to fall at terrific speed before pulling the rip cord of his parachute.

But he hit the earth before the parachute had even begun to open!

"I soaked into that ground like a rock," he says. "And was I surprised!"

He was—but only for a second before losing consciousness.

It was heavy rain on his face that woke him up—to see streaks and flashes of red fire in the distance—and that was when he knew for certain that he was dead, in hell, and very frightened.

What he didn't know was that the flashes of red flame were flares fired by the rest of the crew, who had managed to crawl out of the Fortress after it had finally ploughed to a stop on the slope of a third hill on the moors.

A telephone in a lonely house summoned R.A.F. ambulances, and a week later Staff-Sergeant Jones was back on operations—to find after two more bombing missions that his non-parachute drop had given him a swollen ankle. So they put it into a plaster case and cured it.

And that is the story of the only man who ever fell out of a Flying Fortress without falling into the next world!

PATRICK SPENCER.

★ From the best informed student of the war—Winston Churchill—comes the hopeful statement that the coming months may bring full success to the cause of freedom.

By A. G. GARDINER

IT has been one of the many merits of Mr. Churchill's leadership in these tremendous years that he has never encouraged us to look for an easy victory or a quick victory.

He struck the note of warning in the desperate summer of 1940, and to that note he has been constant. Confidence in ultimate victory has always been qualified by emphasis on the immensity of the task.

In this way the equilibrium of the national morale has been maintained. We have neither feared too much nor hoped too urgently. We have kept our eye on the goal and our nose to the grindstone.

It follows that when the other day Mr. Churchill said that "the months of this summer might, by the victories of the Allied campaign, bring full success to the cause of freedom," the prediction let loose the pent-up hopes of the world.

At last, on the best authority, we could assume that the end was not only certain, but in sight. We could indulge the joyous thought that we had perhaps seen the last winter of the Black Out and that we could look for an early decision without the suspicion that we were guilty of "wishful thinking."

* * *

Before considering the reasons present in Mr. Churchill's mind in making his cautious but welcome forecast, it will be useful to compare this summer of 1944 with that of 1918.

No one in June, 1918, dreamed that the end was near. We had barely survived Ludendorff's stupendous lunge against the Fifth Army, and to all appearances the balance of might was still in his favour.

The first units of the American Army were only just arriving, and not until the next year could the man-power of America play a decisive part in the struggle.

The best that seemed possible to us was that we should be able to hold on to our positions through the summer, the autumn and the winter, until the immense resources of America were mobilised to turn the scales in our favour.

* * *

But three months later all was over. Ludendorff warned the Reichstag that his army was at the end of its resources, and by November Germany had surrendered. In June the odds had still been on Germany. By November Germany was out of the ring.

Contrast this sudden and sensational collapse with the position to-day. For over eighteen months, ever since November, 1942, the tide has been flowing against Germany.

From the days of Stalingrad and Alamein no major event has gone in her favour. Everywhere she has been in retreat; everywhere on the defensive.

She has lost her greatest ally. She has undergone for over a year the most terrific bombardment any country has ever suffered. Her losses in Russia alone have far exceeded her losses in the war of 1914-18.

All the advantages with which she started this war have gone. She is negligible

at sea, overwhelmed in the air, beaten on land. The mighty productive power of the United States has for over two years been thrown in the scale against her. Wherever she looks round the whole compass the omens of defeat meet her gaze.

Why in the face of all this has the history of 1918 not been repeated? Why has a country which collapsed so suddenly and catastrophically in one war been able to continue for over two years a manifestly losing fight in another war?

The reasons are many. The seizure of all Europe, fatal in the end, is one of them. It has kept the enemy armies at a distance. It has kept the hunger, which broke the spirit of the German people in 1918, at bay.

The iron rule of the Gestapo is another reason. In the last war the German people still had some measure of liberty.

To-day they are dumb, driven cattle. They dare not murmur. If they murmur they are shot.

Then among other reasons is the attitude of the High Command. When Ludendorff in September, 1918, decided that the time had come to make peace he knew that the war was lost and he wanted to save the structure of the Army—for another day.

But Hitler and the Nazis have overridden the Army. The Gestapo, and not the High Command, controls Germany—at present. And the Gestapo is fighting for its life. For it, the day of surrender will be the day of doom.

This is why Goebbels, Hitler and their fellow-gangsters are struggling so desperately to continue a war that they know, and have

"**E**RNIE, when we have done this job are we coming back to the 'dole'?"

That was the one question put to Mr. Bevin by troops embarking for Normandy.

His answer is the nation's answer. At last, in our long history, the maintenance of full employment has been recognised as a State duty.

We are now pledged to secure Work for All.

It is a simple phrase, but there is no simple remedy for unemployment.

More than an Act of Parliament will be required to save millions of Service people, Civil Defence personnel and war workers from "dole queues."

Yet there is a remedy, and its basic idea can be simply expressed. It is to share prosperity.

* * *

The Government has accepted this formula so far as money is concerned.

In future, when trade is flourishing, taxation will be kept a little higher than necessary so that the Treasury can save for a rainy day.

When trade begins to fall, the money will be released. Spend more, increase the demand for goods and services, and more workers will be needed to supply them!

This Fateful Summer



British infantry taking part in the summer's greatest event—the Norman conquest

long known, to be lost. They cannot and dare not make peace, for that will be the literal end of themselves.

They continue the war in the despairing hope that some miracle will intervene to save them from the dread fate that overhangs them. They fear the fate within Germany no less than the fate that approaches without.

They snatch at any device that will keep the people deceived and hopeful—if only for a day.

Witness the astounding propaganda with which Goebbels has saturated Germany about the robot 'planes. Terrible though the effects of those abominations are, Goebbels knows that they can have no influence upon the issue of the war.

They are a stunt designed to distract the public mind from the tremendous things that are happening in Normandy, in the Danube

Spread Prosperity to Make Jobs



A good worker now—and a good customer to-morrow

In other words, prosperity will be artificially spread over the years.

But obviously it would be better to make prosperity natural and permanent. As last week's Debate in the Commons showed, the Government has not yet pursued its sensible idea to this logical conclusion.

World-wide and lasting prosperity, indeed, should be the real goal.

Poor countries must be helped to a fair share of the riches. The so-called backward (objectionable term!) must improve their standard of living thus to create a demand for our own Empire.

Read what Julian Huxley and Elliot have to say of the conditions in West Africa. The poverty and misery in India, your mind back to the troubles by under-production in the "develop" those countries.

It would take a lot of money to be no wiser investment. Development would mean peoples would be able to supply us with more of the materials we need while finished goods from us.

For we in Britain will not have balanced prosperity merely by trading on exports. The balance must be balanced too.

Many of our industrialists think that if we keep doing that we can afford to sell our goods cheaply abroad, the result is flourishing industry.

Not so. That way lies foreign resentment, poverty

Summer

basin, in Italy, in Finland, in the sky above—everywhere.

It is with the knowledge of all this and of much more in his mind that Mr. Churchill has for the first time committed himself to something like a forecast of "the end of the war in the West," to use the phrase that Hitler made historic just four years ago.

* * *

By comparison with June, 1918, the forecast seems overwhelmingly more likely of fulfilment. The vast strategic plan designed at Teheran has been developed with impressive power and exactness, and every day the ring of steel closes in on Germany.

Much the greatest event of the summer, of course, is the tremendous stroke in Normandy. The failure to defeat that stroke disposes of Germany's last hope of a major military success that might affect the issue of the war.

But the invasion of France is only the outstanding feature of a siege that hourly tightens its grip on the enemy from Finland to the Balkans, from the Danube across Italy, and from Elba to the Atlantic coast.

Add to this the wave of sabotage that is gathering momentum throughout occupied Europe. Add also the daily and nightly avalanche from the air. Add the consciousness, now universal throughout Germany, that the war is lost.

Add the anxiety of the satellites to escape, with Italy and Finland, from the deadly embrace of the Nazis. Add the twelve million foreign slaves whose presence in Germany is a terror to the Gestapo.

In the face of all this it is reasonable to indulge the belief that this summer of 1944 is destined to be as fatal and as final to the Germans as was the summer of 1918. And it is comforting to have the support in this belief of the best informed and most cautious student of the war.

Jobs for All

must therefore be of the earth's backward peoples must be helped to earn living and food goods. It will be made within

Huxley and Walter the primitive conditions. Think of the in India. Cast the trouble caused in the East Indies. It's a money to countries. But there

estimates that their ble eventually to ore of the raw which being more us. will be secure a merely by concern. The reports must

ustrial—perhaps well—too apt keep down wages so sell out goods very result must be a dumping, at home,

and eventually a trade slump, mass unemployment, and the risk of war.

Wages must be fixed at a level which will allow our own workers to be good customers and yet make it possible to export our wares at reasonable prices.

* * *

And, of course, we shall have to strive to re-create our foreign trade when the war ends. But that will take time. There will be an interim period while the far factories are being re-fitted for peacetime production.

How shall we tide over that period? It has been estimated that a quarter of Britain's working population will be released from the Services and war industry in the first year of peace.

Imagine how long would be the "dole" lines if they had to wait until the factories were re-equipped and new markets found!

Instead, we must make markets. We must do so by employing millions of people on the rebuilding of Britain, by great public works that will (to take the long view) add to our natural assets.

In that way, too, we shall be spreading prosperity over the years. And by aiming at spreading it over the whole world, we should end the vicious circle of trade slumps and booms.

JEFFREY TRUBY.

Britain's Invasion on Wheels

By Howard Johns

LONG ago it was said that an army marched on its stomach. To-day it would be more truthful to say that it relies on wheels to bring victory.

The British Army that has taken upon itself the mightiest undertaking of all time is the most mobile ever to be placed into the field.

Even the men commanding it will, night and day, be on wheels.

General Montgomery, who learnt in the Middle East how important it is for a field commander to be close on the heels of his forward troops, designed his own mobile headquarters for use in Europe.

The caravan, made in Manchester from his own designs, is split into two rooms. The office has a fitted writing desk, a four-legged dining-table with slots in the floor for holding the legs steady during the rough journeys expected, chairs, and valuable map-holders.

CONVERTED LORRY

The General's bedroom has a bunk-type tip-up bed, field wash basin, bookshelves, portable table, clothing locker, luggage stowage and a wire mesh reinforced glass window. A small dynamo in the driver's cabin supplies the electric light.

From this very important H.Q. on wheels Montgomery is now supervising the enemy's destruction. Maybe he'll soon have a caravan neighbour—Air-Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham, chief of the Second Tactical Air Force.

During the North African campaigns the two commanders often used to visit each other's mobile headquarters to discuss tactics over a meal.

Coningham's caravan was lent to him for the Tunisian campaign by Brigadier-General Critchley. Like Monty's, it is a mixture of dining-room and office and has been the scene of some of the war's most decisive meetings, but the Air-Marshal's bedroom is a converted lorry that draws the office to its camping site.

In the office, apart from the fine dining-table, there is a desk that must have cost a good deal of money, and the whole place is lit by electricity. There is even a fireplace.

MAPS ON THE MOVE

Now Air-Marshal Coningham's own property, it was as famous as Monty's throughout North Africa. Soon the people of Europe will become just as familiar with these "Invasion H.Q.s on Wheels."

Our invasion leaders must largely rely on up-to-the-minute maps. To cater for this need, the Army has developed high-speed mobile map-making units.

These units, composed of several powerful lorries that carry equipment necessary to print maps at very short notice, follow close on

the heels of our forward units. In conjunction with the R.A.F. they are able to furnish commanders on any given sector with information that often saves many lives, and speeds up the progress of a battle.

All day long—and sometimes at night—aircraft deliver photographs taken by high flying and fast reconnaissance machines.

HOT MEALS

These pictures may show where the enemy has assembled strong tank forces, camouflaged pill-boxes, new defence works, or is repairing broken bridges. And with this information to work upon our map-makers can, in addition to explaining the territory, give commanders a first-class guide as to the enemy's tactics.

Among the W.A.A.F.s are photographic experts who service the cameras carried by bombers and fighters, and develop the films in dark rooms on wheels.

Then there's food. It is the aim of the army, so far as actual combat conditions allow, to give the fighting men meals that are not only first-class but hot.

Special field kitchens and mobile cookhouses have been organised—compact cooking machines that would have made the "Tommy" of World War One speechless with amazement had they arrived to serve his needs.

30,000 WORDS A DAY

Every man on these "army feeders" is not only a specialist but a very fast worker. He has to be—otherwise the men for whom he is cooking might have advanced miles!

To enable the British Forces to keep in high-speed communication with Supreme Allied Headquarters and the War Office, a miniature Broadcasting House on wheels will follow Monty's Men into the heart of Europe.

Named "Golden Arrow"—after the London-Paris boat train—it is such a wonderful example of com-

pact genius that experts tell me it would take at least six months to build a fixed structure of this type.

Made up of seven vehicles, it is self-contained and operated by an officer of the Royal Corps of Signals and twenty-two operators, instrument mechanics, electricians and drivers. A cook from the Army Catering Corps tends the feeding of this little community.

Aerial masts, 70 ft. high, are carried on the sides of the lorries which travel at surprising speeds, and the whole radio station can be assembled and put into action within two or three hours.

Able to transmit and receive 30,000 words daily over a considerable distance, the "Golden Arrow" is destined to play a very big part in sweeps across Europe.

Even the concert parties sent out to the Second Front by E.N.S.A. will be on wheels. Twelve columns, each composed of two parties, are anxiously awaiting the moment when they can follow up the armies as liberation proceeds on the Continent.

Two sleeping coaches, two motor cycles, and other vehicles for carrying the stage and "props," make up a column, and it is hoped to give the fighting lads a show when least they expect it.

NEW FILMS BY AIR

The stages, which can quickly be fitted together, measure 18 ft. by 12 ft. I saw one assembled; saw carpenters making others in ancient Drury Lane Theatre. H.Q. of E.N.S.A.

Everything for these Second Front Entertainers is made or constructed for mobility—why, Mrs. Wilson, the famous wardrobe mistress, even showed me a basket constructed for mobile purposes.

Three mobile cinemas will accompany each column, branching off occasionally to go to out-of-the-way spots. And, to make sure they have the most modern films and newsreels, the R.A.F. has arranged to fly supplies to these travelling cinemas.

Nothing, indeed, has been forgotten in this most mobile of invasions.



Air-Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham in his H.Q. caravan



Not surprising if she sometimes needs a rest!

By OLIVE OLIVIER

MY first glimpse inside "No. 41 W.O.S.B., O.C.T.U., A.T.S." is of a lithe, flaxen-haired girl in khaki blouse and skirt rapping out orders to nine other girls on a mansion lawn edged with rose gardens.

One by one she directs them to form a human sign on the grass to attract air relief to the tough spot they are supposed to be in.

Each girl in turn assumes command. What orders do they give? How do they give them? What common-sense do they show? What speed of thought and action?

The answers reveal qualities which interest her examiners, for No. 41 is the pioneer War Office Selection Board for finding potential A.T.S. officers.

It was the first of its kind in any British women's war service, and may become a far-reaching experiment in helping women to find the right careers and the right jobs in them in the New-World Britain.

Instead of the ten-minute interview which once sufficed for their selection, these girls live for three days with their examiners.

They undergo exhaustive tests which give them an all-round chance to distinguish themselves.

They work out a problem, or situation as they call it, in their own way; and there is no one right answer.

A military testing officer—who herself was selected for her job by similar tests—examines each group of ten girls.

I watched one group grapple with the emergency of their office "being bombed and one of them a casualty."

Extricating the latter from the wreckage, they had to carry her on a stretcher over a course beset with obstacles. At each obstacle was an opportunity for the thoughtful and alert girl to shine.

FRIENDLY WELCOME

Another time they found themselves "stranded just before dark" in a hut littered with junk, and with the meagre materials had to make themselves comfortable for the night.

They were called on in turn to give a platoon talk to the rest of the group. Each had to give it on a different subject, so that one could not profit from hearing what the other said.

These practical tests are a revolutionary advance on the old ten-minute selection. But they are only part of the new scientific selection of personnel in a women's service.

There's the intimate observation of examiners living with them; and their interviews with the president or her deputy.

Women Officers are Science-Picked

There are examinations by psychologists, and in some cases by medical psychiatrists.

The psychologist's written tests and questionnaires are of well-known types adapted to finding qualities needed in an A.T.S. officer. They aim chiefly at discovering the candidate's basic intelligence, personality, innate ability and aptitude.

They do not depend for their results on a girl's education or acquired knowledge. In this, as with the military tests, they are unlike ordinary

examinations in which the "crammer" often comes out a leader.

The board's psychiatrists are specialist women doctors, now officers of the Royal Army Medical Corps.

They interview about a third of the girls. And the talks are confidential.

No. 41's president of this pioneer experiment for finding women leaders is a widely experienced A.T.S. controller, whose rank equals that of an Army Colonel.

I saw her receive an intake of these girls. She has a genius for dispelling formality. She had them at their ease from the start by sitting on a table's edge as she made her address of welcome.

It was as friendly as the atmosphere

of this mansion and its grounds was cheerful and relaxing. You don't give a candidate a chance if she is tensed up.

Then she had the girls laughing. "Probably any of you who attended the old ten-minute interview thought an important decision on your future was being made by three awful women who didn't know enough about you!"

"You won't feel that here. You'll share our mess so that we can get to know you."

"You'll be treated as potential officers and, having no ranks and with military discipline relaxed, any private will be as free to butt in with opinions and ideas as any regimental sergeant-major."

"We'll all be watching with eager sympathy for your success. I wish you good luck."

It was interesting to hear her advise the girls about the practical tests: "Do stop for a moment and think. You've a tendency to rush it."

CASE FOR COMMON-SENSE

A second or two's thought before action is never wasted; after all, in a real emergency the participants are not induced to rush it by the competitive spirit or the presence of examiners.

These girls showed little tension under their examination, but I was told women suffer strain just as much as men, but are more adept at hiding it.

That may explain why one girl, talking of the strenuousness of the three-day tests, and whom I asked: "What have you enjoyed most here?" replied—"Bed!"

Quiet People

SOME folk are very aloof, they are lonely like distant hills. They seem to be so far beyond the homely, human ills. Grief brings most folk together and joys make them companions seek. But these folk strike a strange odd note that makes us not care to speak.

THEIR outlook seems so remote, and their mind to shut away, they seem too serious to laugh with, and too cold to sympathise or pray. Yet troubles must touch their lives, and sometimes their hearts must cry. I think the very silent folk are those whose souls are shy.—J. M.

She had enjoyed, too, piecing together a jig-saw puzzle in the lobby where she and her group waited for interviews—one of several little ways this new science of selection has of putting candidates at their ease.

The girls secretly balloted for those in their group they themselves would choose as officers; and though this did not count for or against any girl, the examiners found it useful guidance.

A girl who'd make a hard and unsympathetic officer has to be outstandingly brilliant to get away with it with her fellow candidates!

At the final board each candidate was graded, selected or rejected, on the several independent reports of her examiners.

Three of the board gave me this miniature of the ideal A.T.S. officer:

Good intelligence and high integrity, balanced personality, plenty of common-sense, genuine interest in other people and warm feeling for them, ability to talk simply and clearly.

And this new method of selection seems to be finding those qualities!

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

AN employer, compelled to build an air raid shelter for his workers, skimmed the job and erected one as flimsy as a matchbox.

A bomb, landing quite a fair way off, blew it to bits. One worker was killed, others injured.

But the insurance companies refused to pay compensation. And the costs of that employer's negligence had to be drawn from the taxpayers' pockets.

For commercial insurance companies, indeed, these are happy days.

They have found that the Minister of Pensions is prepared to shoulder a good-sized weekly bill which should be their liability.

As you know, if you are injured by enemy action, you may apply for a weekly grant from the State. This payment was authorised by the Personal Injuries (Emergency Provisions) Act of 1939.

But, though excellent in intention, the Act causes one of the gravest injustices ever known in our legal history.

★ ★ ★

It completely takes away from a war injured person his common law right to sue for compensation or damages (under the Workmen's Compensation Acts, 1925 to 1932, or the Employers' Liability Act, 1880) when his war injury is the result of negligence, wilfulness, wantonness or plain breach of duty on the part of someone else.

I can't blame the insurance companies for seizing as gleefully on Section 3 of this law as they would on a gift from the gods.

BLOT ON THE LAW

No matter what dreadful negligence causes a man or woman to be injured or killed by enemy action, they point to Section 3, disclaim all responsibility, and advise the victims or their dependants to claim a Government pension.

And the Minister of Pensions cheerfully stumps up while the insurance companies smile behind their hands.

In one case, an engine-driver was mistakenly given the signal to proceed along a bomb-damaged line, three-quarters of an hour after the line had been blown to smithereens.

The engine crashed into the bomb crater, and both the driver and fireman were killed.

The railway company and the insurance company simply pointed to Section 3 and refused to pay.

The Minister of Pensions did instead. In another case, an employer sent a man into a bomb-damaged building which he knew was liable to collapse at any moment.

It did collapse. The worker was injured.

But the insurance companies did not pay.

The Minister of Pensions did—with public money.

And so it goes on.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. J. Dixon, of Simpson Street, Keighley, has been awarded this week's £1 ls.

Letters are invited about any suspected scandal or injustice. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Actually, many people have been killed or injured by enemy action because of the negligence of someone else.

In each case the insurance companies have relied on Section 3 and have flatly refused to pay out even the proverbial red cent.

Lawyers, I know, are extremely worried by the growing number of cases of grave injustice resulting from the Act.

Even in really flagrant cases, judges have been regretfully compelled to rule compensation claims out of court.

★ ★ ★

For Section 3 allows of no loophole.

To quote its actual words:

"In respect of a war injury sustained . . . by any person . . . no such compensation or damages shall be payable . . . as, apart from the provisions of this sub-section

"(a) Would be payable under the Workmen's Compensation Acts, 1925 to 1932, or the Employers' Liability Act, 1880 . . . or

"(b) would, whether by virtue of any enactment, by virtue of any contract, or at common law, be payable. . . .

"On the ground that the injury in question was attributable to some negligence, nuisance or breach of duty for which the person, by whom the compensation or damages would be payable, is responsible."

Definite, isn't it? Quite definite. And, quite definitely, the maker of grave injustices.

In my opinion it should be amended to restore our common law rights and to nail the responsibility where it belongs—on the insurance companies who collect the premiums and the payments for workmen's compensation and employers' liability.

You Can't Always Go By Appearances



"It is perfect!" said Professor Pinchick

AS soon as Professor Pinchick set eyes on the village he told himself that his wanderings were over.

This was journey's end. This was the little harbour across the stormy sea of life which made the voyage at last endurable. This was the dream come true.

It was the heart of old England.

For five full minutes, Professor Pinchick did not move, afraid that in taking his eyes off the lovely scene for a second he might miss some subtle beauty. Then he sighed at the sheer breathtaking rightness of the place.

There was the village green with its old thatched inn. There was the village forge. The grey tower of the ancient church peeped through its screen of chestnut trees. Villagers who looked as if they had never been beyond the end of the lane in all their placid lives sat on the stone wall of the bridge and listened to the lazy splash of the stream as it slipped off the blades of the water-wheel at the doddery brown mill. On the skyline the sails of a windmill turned.

"It is perfect!" said Professor Pinchick.

Standing back in a little cobbled square of its own, he found the little village shop, and in a back room of the little village shop he had the finest farmhouse bread, the most wonderful yellow butter and the most luscious strawberries in all his experience.

He glowed.

"If only there's a house," he thought. He asked the dame who served him the tea, and she said, yes there was Gable End, not a hundred yards past the pond, and she believed it was going very reasonable, too. A firm in the county town had it in hand.

The first glimpse of Gable End sent him very nearly crazy with delight. Just the very place he'd always wanted! In just the very spot down just the very lane! It was too good to be true. . . .

BUT it wasn't. Professor Pinchick interviewed the firm in the county town, one thing led to another, Professor Pinchick "met" the firm and the firm "met" Professor Pinchick, and inside a fortnight the furniture was installed and Gable End was the Professor's new address.

On his first day he never moved from the house and garden.

He declared that he'd have every inch of it photographed, inside and out, if it cost him £50.

But on the second morning he set out for the village shop to buy some of that wonderful farmhouse bread and some of that heavenly yellow country butter.

The dame was sorry, but neither the bread nor the butter was "in."

"In?" said the Professor.

"The van comes on Wednesdays," the dame explained.

The Professor was puzzled and looked it.

"We gets such things as that from the town once a week," said the dame. "The butter, I mean. The bread comes twice."

"But surely," said the Professor, "you bake your own bread and make your own butter in such a heavenly spot as this?"

The dame laughed. Such things had happened once upon a time, so she'd heard. But not now.

An uneasy thought passed through the Professor's mind.

"Those strawberries," he said. Straight from Covent Garden, the dame told him, and as fresh as fresh! No, they didn't grow their own. Such a big demand, there was, from visitors in the summer, that they hadn't enough land of their own to cope with it. Besides, strawberries was a specialist's job, really, wasn't it?

The Professor was staggered. "I never thought I'd live to hear a countrywoman, born and bred . . ." he began.

"Me?" said the dame. "I'm from Willesden. Been here three years."

The Professor went away shaking his head. And he swore that he'd never set foot in such a fake as that innocent-looking village store again. He went away and kept to Gable End for two days, to get over the shock.

Then he went out in the morning sunshine to know and be known.

"I suppose you don't like 'foreigners' at first," he said to a native who was sitting on the wall of the bridge.

"Foreigners?" the man repeated. Professor Pinchick explained.

"Ain't for me to say," said the man. "I've only been here a couple of years myself. Lived all my life in Hoxton."

Again the Professor wilted and went into retirement, but the next day he tried again.

He tried the village blacksmith and found he was a Scotsman. He tried the postman and found he came from Birmingham.

On the Sunday evening he tried the honest villagers going in the honest homespun towards the village church as the bell tolled. He followed them past the church to the end of the lane and saw them all get on the bus.

When, later, he asked where they were going, he was told to the county town, to the pictures.

WISER, but much sadder, he took to muttering as he went about his garden. In the end, tired of dodging the nasty truth, he tackled Dusty Old Harry down by the village pond.

"You're not a native of this place?" he asked.

"Well, no sir," answered Dusty Old Harry. "I can't say as I am. I came here for the good of my health, five year back. And after sixty years in Hammersmith . . ."

"Tell me," said the Professor. "Are there any real villagers in this village? Any natives?"

"Well, there used to be, sir," said Dusty Old Harry. "Before my time, of course. But in my early days I once met a man who'd seen one."

"But where are they?" demanded the Professor.

"Well, sir, from what I've heard," replied Dusty Old Harry, "some are in Willesden and some are in Hoxton and some are in Hammersmith and some are in Birmingham and some are in the county town. Found it a bit too quiet here for there liking. No pictures, you see, sir."

Professor Pinchick shuddered.

"Are they even foreigners who run the old windmill and the old watermill?" he asked.

"Windmill, sir?" said Dusty Old Harry. "Watermill? Bless your heart, sir, them ain't mills no more. Leastways,

Will Scott's Short Story

not them kind o' mills. One makes tin boxes for a Coventry firm and the other makes seaside rock. With the name right through," he added to make the point clear.

The Professor's heart seemed to miss a beat. Fake! The loveliest little place he had ever seen in all his days—his dream come true—and a hollow sham from the first stone to the last.

He left Dusty Old Harry and walked like a broken man across the village green.

It worried him so much that he decided to take to drink. So he turned into the old thatched inn, his flowing white beard beginning to bristle with indignation.

"Give me a pint of your old brown ale," he said.

"Old brown ale?" said the landlord.

"Well, I realise it's no good asking for mead," said Professor Pinchick. "It looks as if it's the one place in all England where one might get mead, but I'm beginning to realise that this village looks like a lot of things it isn't. So a pint of your old brown ale, please."

"Got no old brown ale, sir," said the landlord.

The Professor waited.

"No call for it, you see, sir," said the landlord. "But I can do you a Manhattan Kick or a Mexican Eyeopener."

"My eyes," said the Professor "are open. I don't require that."

And he went home. There were many apples forming on the trees in his little orchard, but he did not touch them. He feared they would be made of pot.

He went home and kept himself to himself for weeks and came to be known by some of them as the Hermit.

It was an ordinary tin whistle that brought the Professor back into the village life. There was something so villagey in the sound of it that he dashed out to see what it was. And in front of the little inn he found a Jack-o-the-Green. A man completely hidden in greenery and boughs and twigs, so that only his eyes showed through the top of the framework. He danced and played the tin whistle.

"A Jack-o-the-Green!" exclaimed Professor Pinchick.

Jack-o-the-Green bowed.

"I haven't seen one for fifty years," said the Professor. "Are you real?"

Jack-o-the-Green nodded.

"And you're not doing it to advertise something?"

JACK-O-THE-GREEN shook his head again.

"You're the genuine thing?"

Jack-o-the-Green nodded. "Then," said the Professor, "you're the first genuine thing I've met since I set foot in this place. And here's what you get for being it."

And to the astonishment of all the lookers-on he gave Jack-o-the-Green a pound note.

"Blimey!" said the lookers-on.

"Heard about Jack-o-the-Green?" Dusty Old Harry asked the postman on the bridge next morning.

"What's that?" said the postman.

"Not a Jack-o-the-Green at all!"

"Not?"

"A detective!"

"Detective?"

"Yes, and what d'yer think? After the Professor!"

"Go on!"

"Fact. Been after him these heaven knows how many moons."

"You mean old duck was a fake?"

"Like his whiskers—which come off as soon as Jack-o-the-Green give 'em a pull. Famous forger or something. Got away with fifty thousand. They reckon he's good for seven years."

"Well, blige me!" said the postman.

"It just shows yer, don't it? Yer can't go by appearances."

HUMAN MACHINE

Experience—The Good Teacher

● Experience is always the best teacher. If it is our own experience, the teaching may be—and often is—very painful. If we have any sense, we shall always be willing to learn painlessly from the experience of others.

The invasion of Europe, so astoundingly and so successfully accomplished, has a lesson to teach every one of us. That lesson is not new. It is very simple. It has been offered us again and again, though rarely in so dramatic a form.

It is simply this, that, as Napoleon

said: "The boldest course is always the safest." It is never the ditherer and the hesitator who gets there. It is the man who knows exactly what he wants, exactly how he wants to get it, exactly how he is going to get it, who—in fact—gets it.

There is a secondary lesson to be learned—that second thoughts are not by any means best.

First thoughts are best, always provided those first thoughts are expanded into plans, those plans into more detailed plans, and those detailed plans into carefully worked out actual details.

Let Us Be Tough— But Not Toughs

WHILE, as though they were one nation's, the armies and navies and airmen of the British Commonwealth, the United States and their smaller allies march on, fly on and bombard in perfect unison, and while, eastward, Russia's millions of soldiers fit into the plan, there is a sorry side to the picture.

United in battle, the anti-Nazi nations betray such discord in the field of diplomacy that, unless a remedy is found, a victorious war may end in a disastrous peace.

Things are a hundred times worse than they were in the summer of 1918. Then, although Russia had defaulted, there was otherwise only the problem of a war-weary France which—"bled white," they said—was falling out of step.

AUGEAN STABLES

Now, when peace in Europe is possible before six months have passed, scarcely two of the Allies see eye to eye about anything—except that both Churchill and Roosevelt, for some mysterious reason, seem to agree in keen dislike of De Gaulle.

So, because neither Washington nor Whitehall will now trust a man we once built up so much that he became the symbol of the resistance movement in France, the Maquis and the saboteurs are bewildered by news given them by the B.B.C. that, as regards the administration of the liberated soil, "There exists no understanding between the French Government and the Allied Governments about co-operation."

When did they find out, what they now whisper, that de Gaulle has a "dictator" complex?

Well, once our anti-Bolshevik Diehards helped to build up Hitler! Now, too, they seek to bolster up the cruel and treacherous Franco!

Despite Teheran and Cairo and all that, Moscow has little in common with Washington and Whitehall. Instinctively, the Kremlin would support all the Left Wing forces in Greece and Yugoslavia—incidentally, they are the men and women who have fought most actively among the guerillas—against the semi-Fascist cliques in the emigré courts of George, who kept Metaxas in power, and Peter.

"We will support the stable governments of Europe," said Churchill. Actually, they are Augean stable governments that must be cleaned out.

Then Russia supports, for Poland, a revolutionary "government," formed on her soil, of Poles now fighting with her armies. We and the United States are bound to the self-appointed Government which has recently lost so much caste in Britain because of the ill-treatment of Jews in the Polish forces that, under pressure, it has just sacked from the presidency the Fascist commander-in-chief, Sosnkowski.

LET THE OLD ORDER DIE

We seem to think that the Polish politicians now in London will go back to power in Warsaw. Russia, apparently, knows better.

Haakon of Norway has what, on his return, will be the safest throne on the Continent. A few weeks ago, I should have said that the thrones of Wilhelmina of Holland and Leopold of Belgium were equally safe.

But, now, there have come from the Dutch and Belgian underground movements warnings that bankers and industrialists in both the occupied Low Countries—rich traders are among the more active collaborationists with the enemy—are plotting to use Wilhelmina and Leopold as a façade behind which to form anti-democratic governments almost of a Fascist character! Besides

Hanner Swaffer



Prince Bernhard, the Prince Consort of Holland, is a German.

Certainly it is true—obviously Big Business here and in the United States fears it is true, anyway—that explosive forces will emerge from the countries now under the Nazi heel.

The only way to an enfranchised Europe, peaceful, orderly and sanely progressive, lies in a recognition by Churchill and Roosevelt and the nations they lead that the old order is dead.

But—how do America and Britain stand in relation to each other?

As this in the States is election year, every weapon that can be used to defeat Roosevelt will be found. One weapon is his alleged entanglement in the European mess.

Worse, all the American newspapers are over-emphasising the part that the United States forces are playing, both in the invasion of Europe and the encircling of Japan.

You would think, if you saw their front pages, one morning, that only they were in the war.

The worst speech of the war, so far as its effect in America was concerned, was the "What we have we'll hold" oration which Churchill delivered at the Mansion House. It breathed all his old Diehard defiance of new ideas.

Now, as though answering our Premier, Henry Wallace, the Vice-President, has issued a pamphlet which, although our more liberal-minded folk may agree with it, is ill-timed. Idealist that he is, he argues that we should modernise our imperial system as regards the "natives."

Yet our City of London boards of directors think still in tin-mines and oil-wells and imagine the white man's burden is his income tax.

Who would credit, while the war approaches its climax, that it is still a war for democracy, a war for the right of the small nations of the world to live beside the big ones in peace, amity, concord and brotherly love?

We are tough, as the world knows; but we needn't be toughs. We believe in tradition; but we should not cling on to what is worst in it.

YOU DON'T PAY TO SEE A FAT MAN!

HOW nice of them, whoever they are, to give double rations to fat ladies in circuses and side-shows. I was very pleased when I read that bit in the paper the other evening.

I was also startled. For two reasons. I was startled to learn that there are still such things as fat ladies in circuses and side-shows. And I was startled to think that just twice as much as I get would keep a fat lady fat.

It seems to suggest that if I starved myself and gave my rations to my wife she'd burst.

Well, you live and learn.

I was not only startled when I read that bit in the paper. I was puzzled.

Why do they always call them fat ladies?

They never call them fat women. Always ladies. But if they showed fat men as well as fat women they'd call them fat men. I'm as certain as one can be of anything that they'd never call them fat gentlemen. I'd even bet big money on it.

But I'm safe. I shall never lose. Because they never do exhibit fat men or gentlemen. They are always women or ladies.

If they put a man in a side-show it isn't because he's extra fat but because he's extra lean. Men worth twopence to

VOICE OF THE

CRASH-LANDING after a trip over the Continent is described by Sgt. B. Grosch, R.A.F., to his father at Station Green, Southleigh, Oxon:

... The other four members of the crew owe their lives and limbs to the skill and courage of Allan, the pilot.

We had delivered our "goods" and were on the way home when we had "trouble" and our landing gear was badly damaged.

This was not too pleasant, as we land at about 120 miles per hour. Anyway, we arrived back at the base, and "Control" politely told us by wireless that our landing gear was damaged (as if we didn't know!) and that we were to remain airborne.

So we had to wait up above while they got everything ready for us down below, not forgetting the fire-trucks and ambulance wagons.

At last we had word from "Control" that all was ready and we could come in. We strapped Allan in his seat to prevent him being thrown forward, shook hands and then went aft of the gas tank, to our crash stations.

We all remained on the inter-com, and the pilot gave us a running commentary on what he was doing, and why. So we sat ready to wrench open the emergency exit the moment he managed to stop the ——— thing.

Then to our surprise, and doubtless to that of the pilot, he contrived to get the machine down on the starboard wheel.

There was a terrific jolt, and the whole thing swung round at about ninety miles an hour on the runway, but Allan kept his head and eventually we came to rest in front of a hangar.

We were all out of that machine in thirty seconds. The flames were now licking round the engine and getting really fierce. Having made our exit, which may not have been dignified, we bowed to the waiting crowd, while Allan went up to be congratulated by the C.O.

His congratulations could not have been warmer than ours. A great lad is Allan, and he saved us from a nasty mess.



Two more Cockneys who've been far from home—Gert and Daisy entertained the troops in India

A Small World

Gert and Daisy of wireless fame went out to India and were a great success with the troops. Part of the reason is clear from a letter from L./Cpl. E. Hobbs, India Command, who writes to his mother at Edgefield Avenue, Upney, Barking, Essex:

We were in the ——— Gardens, where we had no right to be, when a "Staff" hove in sight, and I thought: "Well, here is where the old stripe comes off again."

Stopping just before the hotel entrance, as we could not make a getaway, we flicked the dust off our clothes, casual like, and waited for the worst to happen as the Staff car came to rest.

Prepared for a choking-off, we were surprised when out of the car stepped two women, and I said to my pal Gilbert: "Two dames with him, that's O.K., he can't say anything to us."

Then as we edged nearer we saw that it was "our" Gert and Daisy.

"Hello!" we said, as if we had known them for years, and they were as matey as if we had been their two long-lost brothers, asking us to go inside the hotel for a drink.

We were lost for words for a few seconds, but quickly recovered and led them to the bar, which is all high stools and lavish decorations.

Within minutes we were telling them the tale of the old iron pot, bits about home, and all the rest, and could those girls listen!

We sat drinking gin-and-limes, and wondering where all the money to pay for them was coming from, but we did not let on that we were worried.

It was a grand party, and we need not have bothered, the drinks were on us.

All the local high-ups were in the hotel that night when we escorted Gert and Daisy to the ballroom, and Gilbert, thinking of the traditions of the regiment, carried that "entrance" with an air, just as if we had been the habit of taking our friends in there any night of the week.

The lights of the gardens were being put out when we said goodbye to Gert and Daisy.

A great time with a pair of people!

So what?

A. G.

FROM TROOPS

Lost in Burma

Another story of the fighting in Burma comes from L./Cpl. D. Clarke, Royal West Kents, who was wounded. He writes to his mother at Magdalen Street, Norwich:

There are only three wounds in my leg which prevent me walking about at present, the others are healing up.

We were attacking a hill, and just got showered with grenades from the Japs. I was hit in both legs, besides my arm and back. Being one of the last out, I could not make the pace, fell behind and got lost.

Later I fainted, and when I came to, I dressed my wounds as best I could, drank my last drop of water, and hobbled off rather painfully and gingerly in an attempt to find my way to our lines.

I went along a river-bed, climbed up the bank and lay among the bushes. Cold and miserable, I got no sleep. I felt jittery when I heard Japs at the top of the hill near by, but, happily, I was out of sight.

At dawn I tried to move off in search of water, but my first attempt was a failure, as my legs gave way. Then with the help of a stout piece of a tree branch I managed to move on my way to somewhere.

So I plodded on, and had just found water (and there is nothing like wounds to make one thirsty) when I heard voices. I made for cover and waited. Then, to my joy, I heard the voice of a Welshman from our section. I yelled "Lewis!" and then it seemed I must have collapsed.

When I recovered I found myself in the hands of good friends.

Now I am comfortable, and glad to be where I am.

From Submarine to Skis

Serving in a submarine, S./T. Harle comes up to the surface and enjoys three days' leave, not to mention an aeroplane trip and other things. He writes to his sister at Humberstone, Leicestershire:

Last week we had three days' leave and a good time was had by all. The first day was quiet, but the next day things began to happen. My pal and I went to a near-by aerodrome, with faint hopes of getting a "ride."

Our luck was in, and we spent two hours up in a bomber, which was a real thrill. All I can say about our trip is: Thank God, I'm a sailor!

Next day we went up the mountains for skiing, and my only comment is that the skis should have been fixed on my back, not my feet.

We wound up by going to a race meeting. It was fun while it lasted, but we were now waiting rather anxiously for day-day.

"John Bull" Got There

A tribute to JOHN BULL comes in a letter from L.A.C. R. D. Brown, R.A.F., who has just returned home after three years abroad.

I promised that as soon as I returned home I would write to the Editor on behalf of the "boys" out there to express our appreciation of JOHN BULL.

Since the early days of the "Battle of Britain" when reading matter was very scarce indeed, my wife arranged to send me "J.B." every week, and it arrived without fail, even if there were times when it took three months to reach me.

Even so, it never lost its interest for me. We were always extremely grateful for the appeals and fights that the paper put up on behalf of Servicemen, and it played a great part in keeping up the morale of the "boys."

Here's good luck to the Editor and all of JOHN BULL.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if an adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice", JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Repatriation

Repatriation is a burning question with the troops in India, and here is a typical "grouse" from one of them in a letter to his wife at Lowther Road, Bournemouth:

Feeling runs high here about repatriation. All around it the Army sees Americans going home on leave after comparatively short periods of service, the Army sees the Navy and R.A.F. men doing the same thing, and naturally complains that it is not getting a fair "do."

Why must the men in the British Army, often living under the worst possible conditions, spend so many years out here in this God-forsaken country without a reasonable hope of getting home to see their wives and families.

A clear and fair statement by the Government, without any humbug, is the only way of raising morale among the men out here. Only when the Government is prodded good and hard will anything be done. That prodding is overdue!

Promotion and Medals

The Grenadier Guards, like other regiments, are doing well in Italy, and a previously unpaid lance-corporal, R. Rowley, sends home really important news to his mother at Healey Avenue, High Wycombe, Bucks:

Believe it or not, I am now a PAID lance-corporal, so things are looking up, and the war is as good as won! We are expecting to go up the line again to-night and things are very lively.

We had another batch of awards this morning: one M.C., one D.C.M., and six M.M.s. Not bad going for the Grenadiers, eh?

In view of my extra pay, I may increase my allotment, as it would help to keep the old bank book tidy.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

● It took Lincoln 226 words to deliver his masterly "Gettysburg" speech, but it takes a Government Department 2,500 words to announce a reduction in the price of cabbage seeds!—Bernard Heath, Wipdermere Road, S.W.16.

★ ★ ★
A person should receive advice and treatment from a doctor before disclosing whether a private or "panel" patient. This would prevent unfair preferential treatment.—Mrs. G., Northcroft Road, Ealing, W.13.

★ ★ ★
As a boon to tired night workers I suggest magistrates be given power to endorse wireless licences of those whose sets are a nuisance to neighbours.—"Short Wave," Cornwall.

★ ★ ★
Trains bring coal great distances to Dunfermline, yet we have two mines with good seams of coal within a mile of this city. This coal is, of course, sent elsewhere!—Mrs. G. Simpson, Beatty Place, Dunfermline.

★ ★ ★
Calling-up papers have just arrived for my sister who died almost three years ago!—"I.V.," Bexley Heath, Kent.

No Longer an Object of Pity or Scorn

IN Victorian days the unmarried woman was regarded as a failure. A lady novelist once said that for a woman to have no offer of marriage was quite unpardonable. The spinster was an unwanted member of the race. She was expected to stay at home with "Mamma" for the most part and to "Papa" she was a liability.

Such ideas still linger on in some places.

A very dear friend of mine, writes a reader, intends to marry a man of sixty, although she is only thirty-five. She has no affection for him, but she has accepted because he is the only man who has asked her.

She assures me she could be perfectly happy unmarried, but she just can't face the pity that so many people extend to a spinster.

Do you think, Humanist, that the majority of women are afraid or ashamed of being called "old maids," and for that reason alone will marry anyone who asks them? My friend's intelligence is far above the average. Her mind has been broadened by travel and experience, but I feel very uneasy about her.

One does not often hear the term "old maid" nowadays, and the single woman is no longer a figure of pity.

That idea of marriage at all costs is obsolete.

If a girl does not care for the prospect of a career as wife and mother, there are plenty of other alternatives—in a profession, in a business office, in some kind of industry. She can make herself as independent as the Miller of the Dee and know that she is doing something interesting and worthwhile.

Why should she give this up for a life in which she would feel a dependant or do work that frankly bores her?

The writer is apprehensive about her friend's happiness, but one might be equally anxious about the man. It seems a one-sided bargain to me.

He must feel affection for her, but when he finds that it is not returned in kind he will complain of being tricked or trapped. And what will follow—for both of them?

A schoolgirl has written about the soldier who accuses the younger generation of being pleasure-mad and irresponsible.

It is true, she says, that war conditions have led to an increase in juvenile offences, but they have also caused a good many of us to think about subjects like town planning, local government, social welfare, equal pay and much else.

I am in a Fire Service unit; I love dancing and jitterbugging; I enjoy listening to crooners; but I also like to join in the debates in our youth parliament. After this war I am going to give my vote to the right man. I don't intend doing what my mother used to do—throw political circulars into the dustbin and forget to vote on polling day.

Humanist, can you make that young soldier believe that we shall not abuse the things that have been so dearly won?

I am not speaking for myself alone. There are thousands of others who think and feel as I do.

That letter is only one of many received from young people of both sexes. They work hard and play hard. They enjoy their relaxations. But they are not feckless by any means.

They are giving serious thought to the making of a better world, and the task will be mainly in their hands.

There is always a certain amount of misunderstanding between two genera-



She marched with fellow spinsters demonstrating to demand a pension at 55

tions, but to-day it has been intensified. Those of us who belong to the period before 1914, when there was no wireless, no talking films, and practically no aeroplanes, cannot adjust our ideas fast enough.

The young people of to-day are all right. They see many things differently, but they have not inherited our prejudices.

Did we always see eye-to-eye with our grandfathers?

MY thanks are due to readers for sending examples of telepathy from their own experiences. Oddly enough, a question was asked of the Brains Trust about four days after my remarks on the subject appeared in JOHN BULL.

It has happened several times says a man, that I have suddenly thought of some friend from whom I have heard nothing for years.

I mention his name to my wife and we wonder what has become of him. The same day, or the day after, we get a letter from him! That kind of thing happens too often to be an accident.

I can only conclude that he was thinking of me when he wrote the letter and that somehow I "caught" his thoughts.

Often I have startled my wife by saying the very thing that is in her mind. If I hadn't said it that moment she would have said it first. I believe everybody has these experiences.

Haven't you ever met a friend who has been perfectly polite and affable, but all the time you sense that there is some obstacle between you? Later on you dream something that gives a clue to what is wrong!

That dream must have been caught by the unconscious mind and the truth emerges during sleep.

That is a fairly familiar experience. I have no doubt many other readers have known it happen to them as it has to me. There must be telepathy to account for things like that.

Some day the whole subject will be scientifically investigated. Perhaps we should be glad that we don't always transmit our thoughts.

Imagine playing bridge, poker, or even chess with people who can tell what you are thinking!

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

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BLANCO
WHITE CLEANER
FOR WHITE CANVAS
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There's nothing better
ASA LIQUID
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Silmos Lollies

ZONING
We are sorry that
some of our customers will
not be able to buy Silmos Lollies now. They will
return again as one of the sweets of Peace.

**FINE,
THANKS!**

*I eat something
crisp and crunchy every day.
When I can get it, I prefer*

RYVITA

CRISP, NOURISHING DAILY BREAD

CAN YOU HEAR?

Suppose, for a moment, you found one of our wounded soldiers at your door—you wouldn't hesitate to give all the help you could, would you? Your help was never needed more than it is now. The calls on the many auxiliary services of the Red Cross and St. John become greater and greater as the fighting develops.



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**HARLEQUIN
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THE Ingredients
that helped to make
Harlequin—Sponge
Puddings famous are
now unobtainable,
so no more until
victory is won and
peace returns.

**HARLEQUIN
SPONGE PUDDINGS**

LAST LAUGH

Bess (Matlock).—"Taking a fellow for better or worse is no joke." Particularly if he gets better.

S. D. (Scarborough).—"She knocked my hat off in the street, and what do you think her excuse was?" She was practising the Army and Air Force arm swing.

V. P. (Ramsgate).—"There are people I don't want to meet, mentioning no names." We know. They are usually described as creditors.

Mrs. L. (Luton).—"A really hot cup of tea is a wonderful cooler during a heatwave." Railway station buffets don't know it.

F. L. (Boston).—"To grow a beard at a young age is simply a sign of laziness." The small gooseberries in our garden don't care.

NONAGENARIAN (Sussex).—"Fathers seldom tell their children fairy-tales these days." But would the modern child be interested in "Once upon a time when razor-blades were plentiful . . .?"

F. N. (Kettering).—"I counted three hundred and forty-seven people in a queue outside a fish-mongers' shop." And then, at last, you fell asleep?

G. G. (Portobello).—"In my opinion there is only one thing wrong with matrimony." Matrimony?

T. M. (Hamilton).—"There is nothing more appealing than the twittering of birds." Except, of course, when one has just planted some lawn seed.

J. H. (Motherwell).—"Grass must be of very high food value when one considers the excellent meat and bone it builds up in our cattle." Nevertheless, we would still prefer a plate of wartime sausages to a plate of grass.

T. C. (Dumfries).—"The books in my library are, I am proud to say, as clean and as fresh-looking as they were when I bought them ten years ago. What do you think of that, eh?" That you have never read them, of course.

T. C. (Hull).—"Many unfortunate incidents occurred at the farce I was producing. First of all, the stage electrician fused the lights, then the curtain refused to come down at the end of the first act, and two of my players repeatedly forgot their lines." A comedy of errors, in fact.

P. M. (Greenock).—"My masseur is a great practical joker." Pulling legs, of course, is quite in his line.

FRUIT FARMER (Tiptree).—"I wonder what the current crop will be this year?" Red, black or white, as usual, we expect?



OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER
"Found 'im sneakin' on to a landin' barge, sir. H'on arrest 'e said 'e never likes missin' an h'vasion"

Side-Slips

EVENING NEWS.—"A roll-call disclosed that all were alive, although some had broken noises and arms."

DAILY MIRROR.—"The R.A.F. revisited Essen because recent reports showed HAT repairs to the Krupps works were going on with increasing rapidity."

BLAYDON COURIER.—"... she was charmingly gowned in white satin and carried a bouquet of pink roses."

EVENING CHRONICLE.—"... himself on the premises during the night and left after the star arrived in the morning."

EASTERN EVENING NEWS.—"... stated that defendant admitted that she had herself purchased a glass of beer standing on a stable."

BROMSGROVE MESSENGER.—"Mr. G—, added his good wishes for Miss Bowen's long ears of splendid service."



First Prize £100—"BULLETS" 1,430

H. G. West, 33, Mill Road, Eastbourne, for this "Bullet":—

DAD'S BEANS
"SEVEN DWARFS"—ALL "DOPEY"!

810: H. P. Walley, 17, Testwood Road, Millbrook, Southampton.

The Road Ahead—Rough? So We Channel!

85: J. Moss, 15, The Green, Calne, Wilts. **First To Grumble—Last to Grumble.**

84: T. Southern, 5, Greenall Avenue, Penketh, Nr. Warrington. **Silly People—Packing Traps—Opening Traps.**

83: Miss M. Scott, 1, Beard Road, Gorton, Manchester. **The Road Ahead—"Ribbon," Then "Poverty Street"?**

CASH, CAKES, PENS See offer next page!

82: V. Collins, "Beechfield," Church Lane, Bramley, Nr. Rotherham. **Lot of Restrictions—"One-eyed," "Winked At."**

39a: R. N. Walker, Park Road, Millom, Cumbria. **Or "Casualty," "Duty Radio!"**

39a: A. E. Owen, Woldercroft, Hawarden, Nr. Chester. **Hymn Of Hate—Trio—Duet—Solo.**

39a: Mrs. L. A. Rice, "Berkenside," East Street, Tollerbury, Essex. **Or "Battle—Upstairs—Mummy's Washing—Commando!"**

39a: P. J. Throssell, 19, Hoole Rd., Sheffield. **The Mailed Fist—Hand Nonpeak Stroked Once!**

39a: L. Hallworth, 74, Worsboro' Road, Birdwell, Barnsley. **With Flaps Flying—Village Taxi? That's Need!**

A list of 100 winners of Cakes can be seen at the office; 1,000 Merit Awards have been printed.

XWORD and "LAUGH-LINES" offers and results appear only in "BULLETIN" and "GAZETTE"—latest available issue.

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GREATEST OF THESE

There can be few things more heartbreaking than to start a job after a miserable period of enforced unemployment and then to have to stop work again owing to continual ill-health.

This has recently happened to a Lancashire man who was discharged from the Army on medical grounds.

Unable to find the light work suitable to his state of health, he accepted a job in an aeroplane factory—and had to give it up almost immediately.

He has a wife and a four-months-old baby. To support them there is only a £2 a week Army disability pension.

Furniture has had to be sold and the small family lives in fear of debt.

But this is just one of many authenticated cases of hardship which we are anxious to relieve.

Will you send a donation to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2?

As we guarantee to pay all administrative expenses, your gifts go direct into a pool and are fairly allotted among the cases on our books that await your generosity.

We always welcome anonymous gifts, but are pleased to acknowledge others where names and addresses are supplied—and on request a copy of the current week's subscription will be forwarded.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."

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A book that gives invaluable advice on every possible kind of complaint, illness, ailment or accident.

Nearly 600 pages; 300,000 words of invaluable advice and guidance; scores of practical photographs and anatomical drawings and diagrams; 2,500 separate subjects arranged in alphabetical order for instant reference; a reliable medical reference book that tells you what to do in an emergency; that, in brief, is "Everybody's Family Doctor," which "John Bull" this week offers to its readers. You can never tell when you may be called upon to deal with an emergency yourself—without help—until the doctor arrives. Even a tiny cut may lead to complications. This book is invaluable, because it deals with every possible kind of complaint, illness, ailment or accident from toothache to a compound fracture. Look at a few of the subjects in this book: Personal Hygiene; Pregnancy; Childbirth;

Change of Life; Allerg Children; First Aid; Shock; Myocardia; Nervous Break-down; Measles; Cancer; Spains and Strains; Anemia; Artificial Respiration; Food Poisoning; Appendicitis; Influenza; Rheumatism; Rheumatoid; Rheumatism; One Following, etc., etc.

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2 Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you don't see, as well.

Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough action removes all discoloration—effectively cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan. Harpic is easy to use and effective. Sprinkle it into the lavatory and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good time). Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white.

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"I don't worry about Backache. I take Doan's."

Don't let yourself become weary and depressed by backache, rheumatic pains or urinary disorders.

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1/3, 3/3 (incl. tax). Ask your Chemist for

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£100 50 BIG 4lb. FRUIT CAKES

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Follow the simple directions below and in a few minutes you may well produce a *Bullet* worthy of that Doubled First of £100.

HOW TO WIN

Simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any *Example* below.

For instance, a Monmouthshire entrant selected the *Example*, THE CROOKED CROSS, from a recent list. Upon that *Example* he built the First Prize *Bullet*, THE CROOKED CROSS—"BUTCHER'S" EMBLEM, NOT "SHEPHERD'S."

More winners for further guidance await you in the latest winning list on page 14.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE" BELOW

ADDED ATTRACTION!
14' GOLD NIB FOUNTAIN PENS—one with each cash prize!

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best *Bullet* received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in *Bullets* shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry fee, enclose P.O. or stamp value 6d. for two *Bullets*, or 1s. to cover four. Two free *Bullets* allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross (h. Co.), write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL, dated July 29, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

BRITAIN'S ARMOUR
PEOPLE AT HOME
FOR HIS COUNTRY
ORIMINAL HITLER
DING-DONG BATTLE
WHEN THEY'RE FREE
TOMMY NEEDS
AT PEACE
IN THE TARGET AREA
FLICKERING FLAME
OFF THEY WENT AND
TO SAY THE LEAST
EVENTUALLY
BAR-PARLOUR STRATEGIST
SEEMS FUNNY
STUFF TO GIVE 'EM

WRECKED THE VILLAGE
NO GOOD TO US
PUZZLED THE DOUGH-BOY
LIKE A HOUSE ON FIRE

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

OUR NEW...
SMASHED HIS...
FIGHTING...
WHAT WE'RE... FOR
MAN CALLED...
ARMY OF...

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamp entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets," my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated July 22. IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE. P.O. Value.....

2 FREE BULLETS

allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

"BULLETS" No. 1,434

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The ingredients in this reliable remedy for digestive upsets neutralise all excess acid in the stomach, and relieve the symptoms of indigestion. Ask your Chemist to-day for 'Bisurated' Magnesia. Take a dose after meals and enjoy your food. 7d. to 2.10 (Including Purchase Tax).

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I used to be a martyr to Headaches in Summer. But not nowadays! I have a sure and speedy relief always to hand—Beecham's Powders. They're wonderful. Quickly absorbed they are speedy in action and an attack is soon stopped. They're equally good for Rheumatic Twinges, Toothache, Colds and Chills.

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Mars



Why Shouldn't You
FEEL FINE
All The Time

TO go through each day with brightness and zest depends upon internal health and the good spirits that go with it. Bile Beans at bedtime will keep you 'feeling fine' all the time.

Purifying the blood and gently eliminating harmful toxins these fine Vegetable Pills clear the skin and keep you fit, vital and youthful.

So, for bright eyes, lovely complexion, and that tireless energy to "keep the pace" these days—

Remember Nightly

BILE BEANS

Vote of Confidence
THE CREAMIER LONG-LASTING LATHER OF
PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM
Softens the toughest beard
Smooths the way for razors
Soothes the tenderest skin



WORLD'S LARGEST SALE 1/6 and 2/6
including tax